THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For DECEMBER, 1813.

VOL. X.

The Sixtieth Number.

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Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any Part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. Serjeant, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. Guy, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

At the close of another volume of the Repository, *the Publisher begs leave to express his usual acknowledgments for the flattering support and patronage which his exertions have experienced; and to assure his friends and the public in general, that they shall be unremittingly used to secure to his work those original and interesting features by which it has hitherto been recommended. In the present Number alone, the extraordinary press of important matter has induced him to give, without any extra charge, several pages beyond the usual quantity of letter-press.*

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

Though we cannot at present give any precise promise on the subject of N. A. L.'s *suggestion, yet it is not impossible that we may be able to gratify him on some future occasion.*

C.'s *communications for our Fragments and Anecdotes are received.*

Some Notices of literary works arrived too late for insertion in our present Number. We once more repeat, that all such should be transmitted not later than the 15th of each month. We are also under the necessity of reminding our correspondents, that it is not within the plan of the Repository to notice works already published.

We should willingly oblige Parodus *by the insertion of his lines, but fear they would do neither him nor us much credit.*

The contributions of several of our poetical correspondents are necessarily deferred for want of room.

The first portion of the interesting Memoir *of the celebrated* Mozart, *shall appear in our next.*

Humanitas, *also, shall be given next month.*

If Vasco de Gama *will turn to Vol.* VIII. *of the* Repository, *p. 91, he will find, that he is either guilty of as gross a piracy upon* himself *as ever engaged the attention of a court of justice; or that some audacious rogue, counterfeiting his signature, had the art to appropriate to himself, about a year and a half ago, not only all his ideas, but, in general, the very words in which they are expressed.*

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

ERRATUM.—P. 344, col. 1, l. 7, for *Historical painter and engraver,* &c. read—Historical engraver to his Sicilian Majesty and H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex.

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———————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(Continued from p. 265.)

MISS EVE. Do you know Carew's and Davenant's dates?

Miss *K*. Thomas Carew was born in Gloucestershire, and died in 1639. He was cupbearer to King Charles I. as Suckling observes, was very intimate with Charles II. and highly respected by Killegrew, Ben Jonson, Sir William Davenant, and other wits.

Sir William Davenant was the son of an innkeeper at Oxford, where he was born in 1605. According to some writers, he was a natural son of Shakspeare, who, as they relate, conceived a passion for the landlady of the inn where he used frequently to put up in his visits to Warwickshire. Be this as it may, Davenant obtained the appointment of poet laureat on the death of Ben Jonson, in 1637. He died in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1668, and was buried two days afterwards in Westminster Abbey.

Miss *Eve*. Do you think that Shakspeare was really the father of Davenant?

Miss *K*. Many writers assert, that Shakspeare was too moral a man to be so.

Miss *Eve*. Is it true, that he shewed no excellence as an actor?

Miss *K*. It it said that neither Shakspeare, Jonson, Lee, Otway, Farquhar, nor Savage shewed much excellence in that line.—Shakspeare generally performed such characters as the ghost in Hamlet. This is known by some of the playbills yet extant, and the *dramatis personæ* prefixed to the plays printed at that time.

Miss *Eve*. Some writer has observed,

> New Otways, Southerns, Rowes, and Lees may rise,
> A Shakspeare comes but once from the indulgent skies.

Miss *K*. It has also been remarked, that if six of the best of Shakspeare's plays were selected,

and six of the best of all other writers, Shakspeare's would carry the palm of pre-eminence. Gray, in his Progress of Poetry, has thus characterized Shakspeare and Milton:

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time where lucid Avon stray'd;
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face—the darling child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take, she said, whose colours clear,
Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy,
This can unlock the gates of joy,
Of horror that and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

Nor second he that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstacy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy;
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time,
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze;
He saw—but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

Miss *Eve.* How would you describe the talents of our best actor, Garrick?

Miss *K.* An ingenious author, who wrote about 50 years ago, in 1782, says—"David Garrick, the modern Roscius, in his person was low, but well shaped and neatly proportioned, and having added the qualifications of dancing and fencing to that natural gentility of manner which no art can bestow, but with which our great mother, Nature, endows many, even from infancy, his deportment was constantly easy, natural, and engaging. His complexion was dark, and the features of his face, which were pleasingly regular, were animated by a full black eye, brilliant and penetrating. His voice was clear, melodious, and commanding, and although it might not possess the strong overbearing powers of Mossop's, or the musical sweetness of Barry's, yet it appears to have had a much greater compass of variety than either; and, from Garrick's judicious manner of conducting it, enjoyed that articulation and piercing distinctness which rendered it equally intelligible to the most distant parts of an audience in the gentle whispers of murmuring love, the half smothered accents of in-felt passion, or the professed and sometimes awkward concealment of an aside speech in comedy, as in rants of rage, the darings of despair, or all the open violence of tragical enthusiasm. As to his particular forte or superior cast in acting, it would perhaps be as difficult to determine, as it would be minutely to describe his several excellencies in the very different casts in which he at different times thought proper to appear. Particular superiority was swallowed up in his universality, and should it even be contended, that there have been performers equal to him in their respective fortes of playing, yet even their partizans must acknowledge, that there never existed any performer who came near his excellence in so great a variety of parts. Tragedy, comedy, and farce; the lover and the hero; the jealous husband, who suspects his wife's virtue without a cause, and the thoughtless, lively rake, that attacks it without design, were all alike open to his imitation, and all alike did honour to his execution; nay, even time itself seemed to stand or advance as he would have it. Rage and ridicule, doubt and despair, transport and tenderness, compassion and contempt, love, jealousy, fear, fury, and simplicity,

all took in turn a possession of his features, while each appeared in turn to be the sole possessor of those features. One night Old Age sat on his countenance as if the wrinkles she had stamped there were indelible; the next, the gaiety and the bloom of youth seemed to overspread his face, and smoothed even those marks which time and muscular conformation might have really made there. Of these truths no one can be ignorant who has ever seen him in the several characters of Lear or Hamlet, Richard, Dorilas, Romeo, Lusignan, in his Ranger, Bayes, Drugger, Kitely, Brute, or Benedict. In short, Nature, from whom alone this great performer borrowed all his lessons, being in herself inexhaustible, and her variations not to be numbered, it is by no means surprising, that this her darling son should find an unlimited scope for change and diversity in his manner of copying from her various productions; and, as if she had from his cradle marked him out for her true representative, she had bestowed on him such powers of expression as no performer ever yet possessed, not only for the display of a single passion, but also for the combinations of those various conflicts with which the human breast is at times fraught; so that in his countenance, even when his lips were silent, his meaning stood pourtrayed in characters too legible for any to mistake it. In a word, the beholder felt himself affected, he knew not why; and it may truly be said of him by future writers, as the poet has said of Shakspeare,

His powerful strokes prevailing truth imprest,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast."

Miss *Eve.* Was George Stevens, the editor of Shakspeare, a relation of George Alexander Stevens?

Miss *K.* No—the names are different: the latter was named Stevens, the former Steevens. In 1765, he published an edition of twenty of Shakspeare's plays, in four octavo volumes; and, in 1773, he negociated a coalition between that book and Dr. Johnson's edition, which appeared in ten volumes octavo. To this edition the late Edmund Malone, a native of Ireland, and son to a late attorney-general of that kingdom, published a supplement in 1780. Mr. Malone appears to have possessed more critical acumen and ingenuity than any of the commentators upon Shakspeare. He was also the author of several prologues and epilogues.

Mr. Steevens, who died Jan. 22, 1800, aged 65, was a very eccentric man, like many other persons of genius. This reminds me of a Mr. Johnson, also a very eccentric man, who was something of an actor, a dancing-master, and a dramatic writer. He was the author of *Hurlo Thrumbo* (1729), *All Alive and Merry* (1738), and *The Blazing Comet*, which, like his other writings, is a mixture of madness, absurdity, and bombast, intermingled with some surprising strokes of genius and imagination. In this play he himself performed a character, in which he made his appearance and walked about the stage on a high pair of stilts, which eccentric absurdity made the audience laugh till they cried.

Miss *Eve.* It is said that all men of real genius are in some degree eccentric, that genius is allied to

madness. But how did Mr. Steevens shew his eccentricity?

Miss *K.* In this newspaper is a character of him written just after his death.

Monday, January 27, 1800.

On Wednesday last died at his house at Hampstead, Mr. Steevens, aged 65, one of the most distinguished commentators on Shakspeare. Mr. Steevens was one of the most valuable members of the literary world, and the brightest star in the constellation of editors of that century in which the names of Pope, Theobald, Rowe, Warburton, Garrick, Johnson, Capel, and Malone are conspicuous.—Adorned with versatility of talents, Mr. Steevens was eminent both by his pen and pencil: with the one there was nothing he could not compose; with the other he could imitate so closely, as to leave a doubt which was the original and which the copy. But his chief excellence lay in his critical knowledge of an author's text, and the best pattern of his great abilities is his edition of Shakspeare, in which he has left every competitor far behind, and even Johnson, with his giant strides, could not walk by his side. It is to his indefatigable industry that we are indebted for the most perfect edition of our immortal bard that ever came from an English press. Mr. Steevens was a man of the greatest perseverance in every thing he undertook; often constant, but not always consistent, as he would sometimes break off his longest habits without any ostensible reason. He discontinued his daily visits to White's, the bookseller, after many years regular attendance, for no real cause; and left Stockdale, whom he took up on quitting White, all at once, in the same eccentric, unaccountable manner. He never took a pinch of snuff after he lost his box in St. Paul's church-yard, though it had been the custom of his life and he was much addicted to the practice, and in the habit of making his memorandums by bits of paper in his box. He was rich in books and prints: he bought largely at Sir Clement Dormer's, where he got his Xenophon worth forty pounds for twelve guineas. He had the second folio of Shakspeare, with notes and alterations of the scenes by Charles II. in his own hand. He never would sit for his picture, but had no objection to illustrate his own Shakspeare with 1500 portraits of all the persons mentioned in the notes or text of whom he could make drawings or procure engravings. He had a happy memory, richly stored; was a very pleasant *tête-à-tête* companion; communicative of his knowledge, but jealous of other men's.

Miss *Eve.* Do you know any thing of John Corey?

Miss *K.* Corey, who was a dramatic writer as well as an actor, was born at Barnstaple, in Devonshire, and originally intended for the study of the law, for which purpose he was entered at New Inn. He wrote *The Generous Enemies*, or *the Ridiculous Lovers*, com. 1672; *A Cure for Jealousy*, com. 1705; *The Metamorphosis*, or *the Old Lover outwitted*, com. 1704. He died in 1721. As an actor, Corey had several imperfections. He was low of stature, and his voice none of the best; he was obliged to work against the stream and struggle

with difficulties, which prevented his being held in any high estimation as an actor, which is a profession that of all others requires the greatest number of perfections, and to arrive at excellence in which, a person ought not to be deficient in any one advantage that art or nature can bestow.

Miss *Eve.* In what respect was Garrick deficient?

Miss *K.* He was low of stature, and he could not sing.

Miss *Eve.* The actor has many difficulties to encounter; but the lot of the poet is still harder. Fitzgerald observes—

In every age, it is the poet's fate
To have his worth acknowledg'd when too late;
And who a happier lot can hope to find
Than Homer mendicant, and Milton blind?
Through Greece the prince of poets begg'd his bread,
And barren laurels crown'd our Milton's head.

Can you tell me the names of the dramatic writers that have adorned the English stage?

Miss *K.* For my amusement, I have made a list of them according to the alphabet, and I have also noted the reigns in which they wrote. Most of the names of the actors and actresses in the preceding list, with an account of them, is to be found in Colley Cibber's *Memoirs,* Victor's and Davies' *History of the Stage;* Miss Bellamy's, Mrs. Baddeley's, and Mrs. Robinson's *Memoirs;* a book entitled *A Companion to the Playhouse,* which appeared in 1762, and many other publications.

Miss *Eve.* The recommendation of books which elucidate a subject, is always more useful than any work that an individual can produce. Will you shew me the list of the dramatic writers?

Miss *K.* Here are about 210 names. I have not copied them from any other list, but collected them from several sources.

Miss *Eve.* Will you give me some general particulars concerning some of these geniuses?

Miss *K.* Mention some of the names (at random), and I will endeavour to answer you.

Miss *Eve.* Edward Ward, to whom I observe you have put no date.

Miss *K.* He kept a public-house in Moorfields, and ought not to be in the list. If you observe, I have scratched him out, as I do not know that he was the author of any dramatic production. He was a man of low extraction, and almost destitute of education; but of strong natural parts, and possessed a very agreeable pleasantry of temper. He was a violent antagonist of the Whigs, and wrote *The London Spy, The Humours of a Coffeehouse,* and *The Reformation,* a burlesque poem.

Miss *Eve.* William Harrison.

Miss *K.* He also should hardly be admitted into the list, because his only play was never acted. He was uneducated, and by trade a patten-maker. He was the author of *The Pilgrims,* a pastoral tragedy, but probably wanted interest to get it on the stage, for it really has much merit. Like Ward, he was a man of excellent natural genius.

Miss *Eve.* I observe there is but one name that begins with Q, Francis Quarles. Was this the author of *The Emblems?*

Miss *K.* Yes. He was the son of James Quarles, Esq. clerk of the Board of Green Cloth, and purveyor to Queen Elizabeth. He was born in 1592, at Stewards, an ancient seat of his father's, near Rom-

ford, in Essex. He was educated at Peterhouse and Christ's College, Cambridge, had eighteen children by one wife, and died in 1644, aged 52; and was buried in the parish church of St. Vedast, Foster-lane. He wrote *The Virgin Widow*, com. and *The Loyal Convert*, for which he was prosecuted; also *Divine Emblems*, &c. One of his eighteen children, named John, inherited his father's genius and loyalty. He was born in 1624, and educated at Exeter College, Oxford; and died of the plague, in London, in 1665. He bore arms for Charles I. as early as 1642, at the age of eighteen.

Miss *Eve.* Did the physicians of this country acquire much skill in curing this plague?

Miss *K.* No; it was observed, that the disease was much more fatal to such as followed the prescriptions of physicians, than to those who through poverty could not procure their advice.

Miss *Eve.* I see you have Tom King, the comedian, in your list. Tell me some particulars of him.

Miss *K.* I was acquainted with Thomas King when he lived in Cross-street, Islington, and also at the place where he retired from the stage of life. He was the author of *Wit's Last Stake.*

Miss *Eve.* Are you sure he wrote that play?

Miss *K.* There might indeed be another Thomas King, but I always understood that he wrote this piece.

Miss *Eve.* Whether he did or not, he was a social man, and I shall hear some account of him with pleasure.

Miss *K.* I think I now see his coffin, and when the lid was turned a little aside, him who had so often produced such bursts of laughter, lying with his eyes closed, so pale, so serious, so cold.

Miss *Eve.* What was the inscription on the coffin-plate?

Miss *K.* "Thos. King, Esq. died 10th of December, 1805, in his 76th year."

Miss *Eve.* Did you see him buried?

Miss *K.* Yes. The body was first taken into Covent-Garden church, where I stood close to Charles Incledon. A great number of theatrical performers attended the funeral as mourners. The coffin was then carried down some stairs into a vault in the church-yard, a few yards from Edwin's grave, nearer to Bedford-street. He died at his house in Store-street, Bedford-square, and had been above fifty years on the stage.

Miss *Eve.* How long had he retired from it?

Miss *K.* He retired from the stage on his benefit night, May 24, 1802: In that newspaper is some account of the circumstance.

Tuesday, May 25, 1802.

TOM KING'S FAREWELL.

The School for Scandal was last night performed at Drury-Lane, for the benefit of Mr. King, to a house overflowing in all parts. It was announced, that he would this night take his leave of the public, and it was a becoming attention to one who had afforded them so much entertainment, that they should appear in numbers, to receive his last acknowledgments. The play was very ably acted. Mrs. Jordan performed Lady Teazle with great ease and vivacity. Before the farce, Mr. King came

forward to speak his farewell address, a short poem, expressive of his gratitude to the public, observing, that the poet's fame lives after his death, but the actor's is buried with him in the grave. Mr. King was much affected, but he struggled to conceal his agitation; his feeling was much more discoverable in the low, faltering voice, than in tears, or a white handkerchief, or fainting, or theatrical effect. He was greeted with thunders of applause, particularly when he retired. One of the performers stood close behind him on the stage to prompt him, and Mrs. Jordan, in Lady Teazle's dress, helped him off. The performers have subscribed for a piece of plate to be presented to him as a mark of their esteem for one who has been so great an ornament to the profession, of which he has been a distinguished member in London 54 years.

Miss *Eve.* Perhaps William King never wrote a play or other dramatic work?

Miss *K.* I don't think he ever did. His most ingenious poem is, *The Art of Cookery*, in imitation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, with some Letters to Dr. Lester, occasioned principally by the title of a book published by the doctor, being the work of Apicius Cœlius, concerning the soups and sauces of the ancients, with an extract of the greatest curiosities contained in that book. Among his letters is one on the dentic scalps, or tooth-picks of the ancients; another contains an imitation of Horace, Ep. v. b. 1. being his invitation of Torquatus to supper; and a third contains remarks on Lord Grimston's play, called *The Lawyer's Fortune*, or *Love in a Hollow Tree*.

Miss *Eve.* Will you give me a specimen of his poetry?

Miss *K.* Here are some lines by him, on the art of making puddings:

I sing of food by British nurse design'd
To make the stripling brave and maiden kind:
Delay not, Muse, in numbers to rehearse
The pleasures of our life and sinews of our verse;
Let pudding's dish most wholesome be thy theme,
And dip thy swelling plumes in fragrant cream.
—Sing, then, that dish so fitting to improve
A tender modesty and trembling love,
Swimming in butter of a golden hue,
Garnish'd with drops of rose's spicy dew.

Sometimes the frugal matron seems in haste,
Nor cares to beat her pudding into paste;
Yet milk in proper skillet she will place,
And gently spice it with a blade of mace;
Then set some careful damsel to look to't,
And still to stir away the bishop's foot:
For if burnt milk should to the bottom stick,
Like over-heated zeal, t'would make folks sick.
Into the milk her flour she gently throws,
As valets now would powder tender beaux:
The liquid forms in hasty mass unite,
Both equally delicious as they're white:
In shining dish the hasty mass is thrown,
And seems to want no graces but its own:
Yet still the housewife brings in fresh supplies,
To gratify the taste and please the eyes;
She on the surface lumps of butter lays,
Which, melting with the heat, its beams displays,
From whence it causes wonder to behold
A silver soil bedeck'd with streams of gold.

King also wrote *The Art of Love*, in imitation of Ovid *De Arte Amandi*, to which he prefixed an account of Ovid. In the latter part of his life (in 1711), he published *An Historical Account of the Heathen Gods and Heroes*, for the use of Westminster and other schools, and for the better and more easy understanding of the classics.

Miss *Eve.* Was he not generally called Dr. King?

Miss *K.* Yes. He was the son

of Ezekiel King, of London; was born in 1663, and was educated at Westminster School, under Dr. Busby, and at Christ Church, Oxford. He studied the civil law, and practised at Doctors' Commons with much reputation; but the natural gaiety of his temper and the love of company betrayed him into those pleasures which are incompatible with his profession. From the reputation of his abilities the Earl of Pembroke became his patron; and, on being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, pressed him to go over with him to that country. To this he consented, and there contracted an intimacy, which soon grew into friendship, with Judge Upton, a man of similar temper to his own, who delighted in seclusion and poetical amusement. He possessed a villa near Dublin, called Mountown, whither he and Dr. King used to retire, and where they spent most of their time, without any regard to their public offices; and thus, neglecting to pay court to the lord lieutenant, they fell under his displeasure. These two poetical companions, however, indulged no other thoughts than those of living and dying in their rural retreat. On this occasion Dr. King wrote a pastoral poem, entitled *Mully of Mountown*. Mully was the name of a red cow that supplied him with milk, and that he made the chief subject of his poem, which the critics of those times would have imposed upon the world as a poetical allegory, though that was a species of writing to which the doctor was a total stranger.

Dr. King died in the Strand, facing Somerset-House, in 1712, aged about 49; and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, next to Dr. Knipe, one of the masters of Westminster School, who had assisted in his education, and to whom he had shortly before dedicated his *Heathen Gods*. A writer soon after his death thus describes his character:—He was a civilian exquisitely well read, a skilful judge, and among the learned an universal scholar, a critic and adept in all sciences and languages, and our English Ovid among the poets. In conversation he was grave and entertaining, without levity or spleen. As an author, his character may be summed up in the following lines:—

Read here in softest sounds the sweetest satire,
A pen dipt deep in gall, a heart good-nature.
An English Ovid, from his birth, he seems
Inspir'd alike with strong poetic dreams.
The Roman rants of Heroes, Gods, and Jove,
The Briton purely paints the arts of love.

It is said that he was made up of tenderness, pity, and compassion, and of so feminine a disposition, that tears would fall from his eyes on the slightest occasion.

JUNINUS.

A TOUR THROUGH DERBYSHIRE AND PART OF STAFFORDSHIRE.

(Concluded from p. 264.)

It is now high time for us to leave Alstonfield, and set out for Acton, for we have a fatiguing adventure before us. The road thence to the mine is intricate, and not easily traced by description; so

that it would be well for any person going thither to take a guide, at least for part of the way. We, however, found our way to the mine, which is situated at the bottom of a mountain, in a desolate part of Staffordshire. The grass on the sides, for a considerable way round the mine, is totally destroyed by the smoke arising from the copper-works, which resemble a village with the houses belonging to the workmen. About 500 hands are engaged in the various departments, of which number 140 are employed in the mining part alone. We had been recommended to a Mr. Mather, who is the principal overseer of the works. He gave us a very civil reception, and immediately procured a man to descend with us. Having equipped ourselves with the dress usually worn by the workmen, consisting of a ragged jacket and trowsers, and an old torn, greasy hat, in which you may easily represent to yourself the strange figures we appeared, we mustered up all our courage, and then entered, each with a lighted candle, our guide having hung a bunch over his shoulders in reserve. The passage at which we entered, ran in a horizontal direction for 100 yards, was high enough to admit of our walking upright, and about four feet wide, which, as well as every branch and opening, has all been cut out of the solid rock; of this the whole mountain seems to be composed, to a depth that has not yet been fathomed. When we had reached the extremity of the first passage, we found the mouth of the pit where our descent began, which had a much more gloomy appearance than if we had gone down immediately from the surface. The pit, or shaft, as it is called, is about four feet wide by three, in which ladders are fixed, consisting, upon an average, of sixteen steps, all made of iron for better security; at the end of every one a strong wooden stage is built, from which you step on the next, and so on; when having dived about fifty fathoms perpendicular by this means, we found ourselves in an immense cavern, the top of which we could not see with the light of our candles. There are several others that run in various directions, and have all been full of copper and lead ore, by which it appears, that the quantity found here must be immense. In one of those openings there is a very large engine for draining the mine of water, forcing it up from the bottom by pumps made of cast-iron pipes, of a foot diameter, and each ten feet long; they are fastened together with screws, and extend downwards 90 fathoms perpendicular. The construction of the vast machine which works the pumps, is simple, but effectual and very ingenious. A large stream of water is conveyed to the engine from the outside of the mountain, by a channel cut through the solid rock; this falls into a strong wooden reservoir, 18 feet square and three deep, which is suspended at the end of a huge beam, which works the pumps at its other extremity. The reservoir has three large valves at the bottom, which open upwards: a sluice is then lifted up by the machinery itself, and in less than half a minute the reservoir is filled, which, sinking with its own weight,

draws up the pumps at the other end of the beam: some pointed stones are fixed so underneath, that when the trough descends, they force open the valves, by which the water gushes out, and the vessel being emptied, is again lifted up by the other end, which preponderates. The whole is contrived to work itself, without the necessity of any attendance, except for necessary repairs. The noise which this monstrous engine makes in working, is indeed frightful: you hear it at a considerable distance, and much increased by the hollow echo; but when close to it, the noise was such, that we could hardly hear one another, even with the loudest exertions. Before this engine was erected, the water was worked up by horses. They first, with much difficulty, let them down an upright shaft, and then conveyed them along a canal in boats, to their place of destination and confinement. The poor animals existed some years in this sequestered abode, had their stable below cut out of the rock, and, except being debarred the pleasure of now and then gallopping about a pasture, had it tolerably easy, and fared well.

Having examined the engine and all its parts very attentively, we began to descend again, but down a hole remote from that by which we had come before. After some depth, we saw again some large rugged caverns. Their black and gloomy appearance is rendered still more so, by the idea of being so far from the surface of the earth. If any credit is to be given to ancient fable, one might suppose these the places where the swarthy Cyclops forged the thunderbolts for Jove; or where the fallen angels (as described by Milton) dug out the combustible materials of which they manufactured their gunpowder.—But we have not yet got to the bottom: if you have had enough of descending with us, pray stay here till we come up again, for I can assure you it is really dreadful. Well, down we went still many fathoms, and ended at last with the ladders, of which I counted forty-five; and supposing them each 16 feet long, the whole amounts to 120 fathoms, which certainly is a tedious descent by almost perpendicular steps; but, believe me, ten times more so to climb up again. From the spot where we stood at the bottom, there was another hole, sunk 60 feet; but as there was no way of going down, except by a windlass, we did not chuse to try it. We did not stop long at the bottom, but soon began to climb. It is very necessary, that when several persons are ascending, one after another, they should keep at a civil distance: experience taught me this precaution; for, by my following Mr. Heithausen too closely, I received two or three very disagreeable salutes on my nose and face with the heels of his dirty boots. It is not unusual for thirty or forty of the miners to go up and down close at the heels of each other; but as they are so well accustomed to it, mistakes of this kind seldom happen. We were obliged to exert all our strength, climbing, sweating, and panting for breath. At last, however, with occasional pauses at the landing-places, we reached the top; and,

after having been two hours and a half under ground, were rejoiced to see daylight again. We took each a cordial, and filled a bumper for our guide, who was a very civil fellow, and took much pains to shew us every thing curious. We found the air of this mine to be perfectly pure, even down to the bottom: this is effected by channels that are cut through the rock in such directions, that, whenever they chuse it, a current of air may be driven through with any degree of force: this is very conducive to the health of the workmen, who looked as well as those employed above ground.

The revenues of this mine to the Duke of Devonshire, are immense: some have asserted their amount to be £50,000 a year; but, after making a large deduction for the exaggeration of report, a very considerable income will remain. The copper ore is found in much larger quantities than the lead. Both are frequently met with mixed together; but this is a loss, because, in the process of smelting, the degree of heat requisite for the copper, totally destroys the lead mixed along with it. The miners work out the ore, as in other places, by the quantity. Each person bargains for a particular vein, for which the price differs according to its richness; sometimes two or three will join together at one, when it is remarkably full of ore.

Having with much difficulty cleaned our hands, which were thickly covered with mud and tallow, by means of sand and cold water, and thrown off our masquerade habiliments, we recollected each other's features once more, and set off for Buxton. The whole face of the country thereabouts is excessively dreary, with little cultivation, except here and there in the vallies, and in general destitute of trees. We rode through Longnor, the only village for a considerable district; reached Buxton about seven in the evening, and put up at the White Hart, where the house was so full, that they were obliged to procure us beds at a private lodging-house, of which there are many in the town, and in busy seasons they turn to very good account. To-morrow morning we purpose visiting Pool's-hole, of which you have no doubt frequently heard. If we get out alive and well, you may expect a description of that, and whatever else deserves notice from Your's, &c.

* * * *

TINSEL, Sept. 15, 1788.

Dear Friend,

The receipt of this will, undoubtedly, remove any apprehensions for our safety, which some expressions at the close of my last, may, perhaps, have occasioned you.

I had entertained very mistaken notions of Pool's-hole, by supposing, that much difficulty and hazard attended those whose curiosity would lead them to the extremity, but, excepting some slight effects in our stomachs from the confined air, we came out as well as we went in. The situation of Buxton is by no means pleasant; on the contrary, it is as dreary and barren as can well be imagined. Turn your eyes which way you will, no other prospects present themselves, but barren mountains, which have not even singularity of form to recommend them; so that

if a traveller will amuse himself, he must confine himself to the place where the baths and public places afford some scenes of fashionable amusement. Buxton, with respect to situation, will not admit of a comparison with Matlock-Baths; but the improvements made there by the Duke of Devonshire, have attracted a much greater resort of company, particularly those of higher rank, who may have the most convenient and spendid accommodations. With this view, the Crescent has been erected, which consists of a superb row of houses; those at each end are hotels, the others are occupied by the nobility, who generally take the whole house by the year, and reside there when suitable. The Ball-Room is said to be the finest of the kind in England, that at Bath excepted. The lower stories are mostly made use of for shops, and have piazzas in front, as also a fine parade, where the company usually walk. At one end are the Baths, and a small, but neatly designed building, where the waters are drunk. At some distance behind the Crescent, are the stables, built also by the duke. No one would ever imagine, from the appearance of the building, that it was intended for such a purpose, on account of its grandeur. The outside is square, excepting that the corners are just taken off, but not enough to constitute the building an octagon, nor yet can it strictly be called quadrangular, so that I must leave it to abler geometricians to give it what name they think proper. The inside is circular, and forms a fine colonnade, where carriages may stand very conveniently: the spaces between this and the outside of the building, are appropriated for the horses, and are fitted up with every requisite convenience. There are four entrances opposite to each other. These stables are not at all connected with the houses in the Crescent, and must be paid for separately, which, if it is in proportion to what has been laid out, must render a residence at Buxton very expensive. Those two are the most remarkable buildings in the place, nor are there any besides of much note. Having supped, we were escorted to our lodgings, at some distance from the inn, with which we had every reason to be dissatisfied, as all was furnished upon too economical a scale: however, as it is always prudent to make the best of a bad bargain, we did not let it disturb our night's rest. The next morning, after breakfast, we went to Pool's-hole, which is about a mile from the town. Immediately upon our approach, we were surrounded with a set beings, of whose appearance those who have seen the assembly of witches in Shakspeare's tragedy of *Macbeth*, when they are performing their incantations over the boiling caldron, will conceive a more distinct idea, than from any portrait I am able to draw. A number of these live in the vicinity of the cave, and principally procure their subsistence by acting as guides; and as the profits arising from this employment are equally divided among the whole group, there is seldom much contention about who are to be employed. Two of them were presently singled out to accompany us, and as we happened to mention the Devil's name just upon enter-

ing the cavern, one of them requested us, with much earnestness, not to name him upon going into such a hole as that. The entrance has nothing at all striking like that of Peak's-hole at Castletown. The passage for some yards is low and rugged, so that you must stoop considerably to prevent any injury to your back-bone. Just as you enter, your are shewn Pool's-cellar to the left hand, where he used to keep his beer and brandy. One of the old women complained grievously, that he had used them very ill in leaving it empty. By the bye, I should have informed you, that this same Pool was a highwayman, who infested the country, and, as tradition says, made the hole, that now goes by his name, his retreat and dwelling-place. There is a large flat stone that extends across a narrow part of the cave, whereon he used to lay his bread and cheese, and I suppose his roast beef also, if he had any. The path onward is very rugged and difficult, being full of loose rocks, over which you must climb, and pay a particular attention to every step.

The inside appearance of this cave differs materially from that at Castletown, for it consists chiefly of petrifactions; the water that oozes through, and drops from the roof, having that property in a very great degree: the sides and top are almost in every part incrusted with a thick covering of such a substance, and a great variety of detached lumps are formed besides, in all manner of fantastic shapes and appearances, which fancy may easily represent as resembling something in nature. Amongst many others of this kind here, you are shewn a saddle, lion, tortoise, and organ-pipes. Now I would by no means advise the traveller to expect very exact models in these, for if he does, he will be much disappointed: all that may be said is this, those fanciful productions may come nearer in resemblance to what they are called, than any thing else; and we are very well satisfied with the workmanship of nature in such instances, though the likeness be not very distinct. Whoever first gave the name of Organ-pipes to a number of lengthened petrifactions that adhere to the side of one part of the cavern, might have found a much more suitable comparison; for I can assure you, that they bear a nearer resemblance to the thigh and leg-bones of a skeleton, hung up in a row against the wall of a surgery. We were shewn a hole in a stone, where a large drop of water falls incessantly from the roof, which has perforated it to a considerable depth. After much climbing, groping, and slipping, we reached at last as far as prudence allows one to penetrate, where stands the Queen of Scots pillar, so called by Mary Queen of Scots, when she visited the cave. We were then 560 yards from the entrance, and had we been as foolhardy as some adventurers, might have gone 100 yards further. But though I had often determined that nothing should hinder me from exploring the farthest extremity, should I ever visit the place, yet, on looking forward, my courage failed; indeed, I was well convinced, that the enterprize would be foolish, for there is nothing curious to be seen; and besides, the ca-

vern is there so excessively dirty, and the rocks over which you have to climb are large and slippery, without any places for the feet, so that you must sit and slide down: those that will submit to all this, merely to say that they have been at the end, are very welcome for me.

Therefore not judging it advisable to proceed, we turned about, and came back by a different route, passing under the rocks, where we had walked, through a very crooked and intricate passage. Here we saw the Woolpacks, which I thought the most curious petrifactions in the cave: they resemble a heap of huge packs lying one upon the other, and compressed with their weight; and they are curiously indented on their surfaces by the continual flowing and dropping of the water. Those that are on the outside project a good way, and have a great number of points hanging underneath, like icicles, which increase continually, though by very slow degrees. We were then shewn the Dark Lanthorn, a lump of petrifaction about three feet high and two thick, resembling a lanthorn in shape, but quite solid. Upon coming out we were surrounded by a number of old women, who offered their merchandise for sale, consisting of the refuse of the petrifaction-shops, and which they impose upon the ignorant as valuable specimens: they also hinted, that whatever we gave our guides, was to be divided among eight poor women, which they no doubt supposed would excite our generosity and compassion. A man for holding one of our great-coats, and several children for doing nothing at all at all, had also farther claims upon us. We visited the abode of a family just above the cave, who have made themselves a dwelling out of the entrance into an old limekiln, with the addition of two or three apartments more, that have been cut out of the hill; which consists of a soft soil. They seemed to be very poor, but looked cheerful and healthy. —The mother was at home with three fine boys, whose names were Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; the eldest was about seven years old, and all seemed to thrive exceedingly well. We left some small matter with them, which seemed to be very acceptable. We then returned to our inn, cleaned ourselves, and spent the forenoon in walking about the place: after dinner we set off, rode through Fairfield, a small village at a mile's distance, situated on a rising ground. From thence we steered our course for Hayfield, leaving Chapel-in-the-Frith to the left. We met a very curious cavalcade, consisting of four horses with their riders; on the first sat a man and woman on the bare back, on the second a woman upon a side-saddle, with a man behind her, cross-legged; the others rode in the usual manner, and were all very decently dressed.

As it was Sunday, and the weather remarkably fine, there were great numbers of children sitting by the road side, who looked remarkably healthy and clean. We reached Glossop about seven in the evening, where we had intended to lodge that night at our old quarters, but on approaching the house, found it crowded with drunken, riotous company, who were celebrating the wakes: this made us

resolve to proceed farther to Tinsel, which was three miles distant; and as both ourselves and horses were in pretty good spirits, the disappointment did not much disconcert us. We put up at the Bull Inn, a short distance from the village; and on enquiry before we alighted, if we could have lodgings, the landlord staggered out of the house and apologized for his being "a bit fresh" (as he called it): we told him we did not care how fresh he was, if he only took good care of us and our horses. On entering the house, we soon found reason to be well satisfied; for the people were very civil, and every thing neat, plain, and cleanly. We ordered supper, which was plentifully furnished, after which we smoaked a comfortable pipe together, a luxury we were not indulged with at Buxton. As a proof of the simplicity of the people and their furniture, I will just mention, that upon our calling for a pair of snuffers, we were informed, that they were broke, but a very decent pair of scissars were laid upon the table in their place. The landlord himself was the bootjack; he took one of my legs between his, and with the other I thrust against his back: it was indeed a very laughable operation, for, as the boots were hard to be drawn off, and he had a sup in his head, I could not possibly force him in a straight line: however, at last we accomplished the business, and in lieu of my boots, had to encumber my feet with a pair of clumsy, heavy clogs. Curiosity led me to examine a collection of books that were on a shelf; among them I found the *New Testament*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and Hervey's *Meditations*, by which I was induced to form a good opinion of some in the house. Goldsmith, in his poem of *The Deserted Village*, has given a charming description of the furniture of a country cottage, which, with a few trifling exceptions, will suit very well for our inn:—

The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock, that click'd behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures, plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs and flow'rs of fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for shew,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Our beds were, like every thing besides, very clean, though I must own also, very hard. The learned of the faculty affirm, that such are by far the most wholesome; but I am certain, that if any of them are formed like me, principally of bones, they will not recommend them from experience: but physicians and divines, in our day, very frequently recommend one thing and practise another. We expect to reach home this evening; and though we traverse the same road over again, and, consequently, I shall not have any new description to give you, yet I intend to write once more, should my letter contain nothing but an assurance, that I have nothing to write about.

Your's, &c.

* * * *

CONJECTURES RESPECTING THE METHOD OF DRAMATIC COMPOSITION PRACTISED BY SHAKSPEARE.

> Vouchsafe to those who have not read the story,
> That I may prompt them; and of such as have,
> I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
> Of time, of numbers, and true course of things,
> That cannot, in their huge and proper life,
> Be here presented. *Henry* V. act v.

THESE lines form part of the commencement of a speech which Shakspeare has given to a personage called the Chorus, for the purpose of enabling the spectators to fill up a chasm in the action, by imagining King Henry to have gone from France to England, made his triumphal entry into London, and returned to France, within the interim of the 4th and 5th acts. To this bold expedient our great dramatist has frequent recourse, particularly in those compositions which, in his day, went by the name of *Histories;* and were, in fact, little else than dramatic representations of a series of historical events, occurring at various and distant intervals, and in places often very remote from each other. In the passage above quoted, the poet supposes some of his auditors not to have read the chronicles from which he drew his story, and therefore begs permission to prompt them; apologizing to those who had read them, for the defects of the representation. Similar apologies are made by the chorus in many of Shakspeare's historical plays: whence we may infer, that, conscious as he was of the confusion likely to arise from this mode of preparing subjects for the stage, he adopted it in preference to that prescribed by the severer canons of dramatic criticism; which, enjoining a strict attention to the unities of time, place, and action, would have required him to exclude a great number of personages from the scene, and to *relate,* in long and tedious dialogues, many important transactions which might else have been *exhibited;* thus narrowing that extensive scope for displaying the varieties of human character, so necessary and so delightful to his vigorous and excursive genius.

When we consider, that a very great proportion of his dramas are of this historical cast, we may almost be tempted to believe, that this easy species of composition was the first which he attempted; that such subjects, being of a nature congenial to the feelings of the people in his day, who either knew, or were eager to know, the course of great events which had then just terminated in England, were most grateful to his infant Muse; and that, evidently bent on representing as many impressive scenes as possible, he placed them in broken and irregular succession, something like a story in tapestry, for the fancy and the memory of the beholders to fill up. It is natural to suppose, that, with so strong an imagination as Shakspeare possessed, he must have given others credit for a very liberal share of that faculty.

But, in selecting subjects for his other dramas, his tragedies and his comedies, he also resorted to the

popular literature of the day, to the novels and legendary tales then current. Indeed, it is not easy to discover, that he ever *invented* a plot. In these compositions he evidently pursued the same practice to which he subjected himself in his Histories, selecting in succession the most striking incidents for representation, and substituting for the naked story a series of scenes exhibiting in action the various persons in it. His invention was truly creative, but it was exercised rather in the management than in the fiction of a story, and displayed itself chiefly in the characters, in the language appropriated to them, and in the various spirited dialogues through which, without immediate reference to the business of the play, they so naturally develope themselves.

After he had selected a story, he compared the persons to whom it related with the living models around him, pourtraying those who suited his purpose, investing them in the costume, and placing them in the condition, of the prototypes. His Falstaff, for instance, and the singular group of humourists in his train, were, upon this supposition, drawn from actual life; their conversation is (if a familiar expression be allowable) so entirely *off-hand*, so interspersed with sallies equally casual and unexpected, yet characteristic and natural, that we cannot read or hear it without believing a great part to be a faithful transcript of what had really taken place. The same observation will apply to the scene of the Carriers in Henry IV. a scene which forcibly strikes one as having in its original been witnessed by Shakspeare in some of his annual journies into Warwickshire. Unfortunately, so little is known of the private life of our great dramatist, that we may in vain seek to ascertain many of the cotemporary characters from which he drew, but we have one authenticated instance, so singularly apposite, that it may almost serve of itself to give validity to this reasoning. The Gloucestershire Justice, Master Robert Shallow, in the reign of Henry IV. is an avowed portrait of the Warwickshire magistrate, Sir Thomas Lucy, in the time of Elizabeth, to whom Shakspeare owed this compliment, in return for the coercive persuasion which eventually induced him to appear on the stage, and thus enriched the whole world with his inexhaustible talents.

So intent was he on copying from the world before him, that he neglected or disdained to observe the little consistencies of time or condition, and heedlessly ventured on those gross anachronisms which have so much shocked the critics of the regular school. Whether Trojans, Greeks, Romans, modern Italians, or Frenchmen, came before him; whether his scene lay at Athens or in London, in Navarre or in the Enchanted Isle, he filled it with characters compounded of English models, and often gave them the language and colloquial allusions prevalent in his own time, and in circles where he must have associated.

For materials to form his higher characters, which speak in a loftier and more philosophic strain, the poet drew from the noble stores of his own mind, and uttered the promptings of his own heart. When

we peruse his grand and serious scenes, we cannot but suppose him to have felt, by turns, every passion that agitates the human breast, or to have watched with a keen, a patient, and penetrating eye, and an almost omniscient faculty, the workings of those passions in others. As, however, we know, generally, that his personal aspirings were humble, his views moderate, his disposition habitually contented, and his temper gentle and playful, we must incline to the latter alternative: for who would be willing to believe, that he was successively, or rather optionally, actuated by ambition, patriotism, avarice, love, benevolence, misanthropy, fear, courage, melancholy, devotion, and madness? Rather let us conclude, that he tranquilly watched these passions in others, and carefully marked their origin, progress, and consequences, studying, like a steady and able painter, to display them in all their peculiar symptoms and characteristics. Johnson calls him "the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life." This just praise he could never have deserved, but by profoundly contemplating nature; and by rendering his own mind the mirror in which the passions and the manners of mankind were instantaneously, and with truth, reflected. Must he not then have preserved that mirror clear and spotless? And, lastly, since there is a vein of strong sense and true philosophy throughout even the wildest of his compositions, we are bound to conclude, that his mind was the constant abode of reason, and that he ever regulated his life by a regard to one great principle, which he illustrated in his writings; the principle of retributive justice, by which the iniquitous are seen to suffer, and the just finally to prosper by the consequences of their own actions.

R. R.

DESCRIPTION OF VIENNA.

Extracted from Madame DE STAEL'S *new Work,* DE L'ALLEMAGNE.

WE present to our readers the following extract of the long-expected work of Madame de Stael, who has been styled the most distinguished writer of the present day, comprehending the result of her observations on Germany, and on the character, manners, literature, philosophy, and religion of its inhabitants. The chapter which we have taken, almost at random, in preference to more brilliant passages that might have been selected, recommends itself by its brevity, as better suited to the limits to which we are confined in the closing number of a volume.

Vienna is situated in a plain in the midst of several picturesque hills. The Danube, which runs through and surrounds the city, divides into several branches, forming very pleasant islands; but the river itself loses much of its majesty in these circuits, and fails to produce the impression anticipated from its ancient celebrity. Vienna is a very small, old place, but surrounded by spacious suburbs: it is asserted, that the city within the fortifications is not more extensive than it was when Richard Cœur de Lion was imprisoned not far from its gates. The streets are narrow

as in Italy; the palaces remind you in some measure of those of Florence; in short, nothing there resembles the rest of Germany, except a few Gothic edifices, which carry back the imagination to the middle ages.

The first of these edifices is St. Stephen's church: its steeple surpasses in height all the other churches of Vienna, and majestically overlooks the good and peaceful city, witnessing the fugitive succession of its generations and its glories. It required two centuries, we are told, to finish this structure, begun in 1100; with which the whole history of Austria is in some degree connected. No edifice can be so completely national as a church; it is the only one in which all classes of the people assemble, the only one which revives, not merely the memory of public events, but personal feelings, the fondest affections of the heart, which the rulers and their subjects must bring alike within its hallowed walls. The temple of the Deity seems present, like himself, to the ages that are past.

The tomb of Prince Eugene is the only sepulchral memorial that has for a great length of time been erected in this church; there that great man awaits other heroes. As I was going up to it, I observed upon a piece of paper fastened to one of the pillars, a notice, requesting prayers for a young woman who was dangerously ill. The name of this young woman was not mentioned; it was the voice of the afflicted applying to unknown persons, not for relief, but for their prayers; and that by the side of the illustrious dead, who perhaps felt compassion for the unfortunate living. It is a pious custom among the Catholics, which we ought to imitate, to leave the churches constantly open; there are so many moments when we feel the want of such an asylum, and never do we enter it without feeling an emotion which soothes the soul, and restores to it, as by a sacred ablution, its vigour and its purity.

There is no large city but has some edifice, some walk, some wonder of art or nature, with which the recollections of childhood are connected. The *Prater*, I should think, must have a charm of this kind for the inhabitants of Vienna; no where does there exist so near to a metropolis a spot combining in such perfection the rustic beauties of nature and the embellishments of art. A majestic forest extends to the banks of the Danube: herds of deer bound along in the distance; they return every morning, they betake themselves to flight every evening, when the resort of pedestrians disturbs their privacy. The sight exhibited at Paris only three days in the year, on the road to Long-Champ, is continually presented at Vienna during the summer season. This daily promenade at the same hour is an Italian custom. Such regularity would be impossible in a place where there is so great a diversity of amusements as at Paris; but, let what will happen, it would be a difficult matter to wean the inhabitants of Vienna from this practice. It cannot be denied, that it is a charming spectacle to survey the whole population of a city assembled under the shade of majestic trees, and on the turf

whose verdure is constantly refreshed by the Danube. Here the higher classes in carriages, and the common people on foot, throng every evening. In this grave country they treat pleasures like duties, and even enjoy the advantage of never being tired of them, however uniform they may be. They are as exact in their diversions as in business, and kill their time as methodically as they employ it in the most important pursuits.

If you enter one of those ridottos where there are balls for the citizens on festive occasions, you will see men and women gravely executing, opposite to one another, the steps of a minuet which they have imposed upon themselves for an amusement. The crowd often separates the couple engaged in the dance, but yet they continue as if they were dancing for the satisfaction of their consciences: each of them goes alone alternately from right to left, advances and recedes without caring for the other, who is figuring as scrupulously as his or her partner; now and then only a slight exclamation of pleasure escapes them both, and they again settle into all the gravity of their diversion.

It is in the *Prater* that you are particularly struck with the opulence and prosperity of the people of Vienna. This city has the character of consuming a greater quantity of provisions than any other of equal population; and this kind of superiority, somewhat vulgar to be sure, is not disputed. You see whole families of tradespeople and artizans setting out at five o'clock for the Prater, to take a snack not less substantial than the dinner of another country; and the sums which they have to spend on these occasions are proofs of their industry and the mildness with which they are governed. In the evening, thousands of men return hand in hand with their wives and children; no disorder, no quarrel disturbs this multitude; scarcely a voice is heard, so mute is their pleasure. This silence, however, proceeds not from any dulness of disposition, but from a certain happy constitution, which absorbs the people of the south of Germany in sensations, as it does those of the north in ideas. The vegetative existence of the south of Germany has some analogy with the contemplative existence of the north; repose, indolence, and reflection belong equally to both.

Figure to yourself so numerous an assemblage of Parisians in one place; the air would resound with bons mots, jests, and disputes, and never could a Frenchman enjoy a pleasure into which self-love would not insinuate itself in one form or another.

The nobles go abroad with the most magnificent and tasteful equipages: all their amusement consists in meeting in an alley of the Prater those whom they have just left in the drawing-room: but the variety of objects prevents them from pursuing any idea; and most people take delight in thus banishing the troublesome reflections that intrude themselves. These nobles of Vienna, the most illustrious and the most wealthy of any in Europe, never abuse their superiority; they allow miserable hackney-coaches to stop their splendid equipages. The emperor and his brothers qui-

etly take their places in the ranks, and wish to be considered in their amusements as private individuals; they never use their prerogatives except when they fulfil their public duties. Amid the multitude you frequently perceive Oriental, Hungarian, and Polish dresses, which awaken the imagination; and here and there harmonious music gives to this assemblage the air of a peaceful festival, at which each individual enjoys himself in his own way without concerning himself about his neighbour.

Amidst this throng you never meet a beggar; indeed there is not one to be seen in Vienna. The charitable institutions are managed with the greatest regularity and liberality; the bounty of individuals and the public is administered with strict justice; and the common people themselves having in general more industry and commercial intelligence than the rest of Germany, are in better circumstances. In Austria there are but very few instances of capital crimes; in short, in that country every thing attests a paternal, wise, and religious government. The foundations of the social edifice are solid and respectable; but there must be a superstructure and columns, before glory and genius can establish their temple there.

I was at Vienna, in 1808, when the Emperor Francis II. married his cousin, the daughter of the Archduke of Milan and the Archduchess Beatrix, the last princess of the house of Este, sung by Ariosto and Tasso. The Archduke Ferdinand and his noble consort, both stripped of their dominions by the cruel vicissitudes of war, were there; and the young empress, bred in these calamitous times, combined in her person the double interest of greatness and misfortune. It was an union which inclination alone had effected, and which was influenced by no political consideration, though a more honourable alliance could not have been contracted. It was impossible to help being filled at once with sentiments of sympathy and respect for the family affections which brought down this match to our own level, and for the high ranks of the parties by which they were exalted so far above us. A young prince, the Archbishop of Waizen, pronounced the nuptial benediction over his sister and his sovereign: the mother of the empress, whose virtues and excellent understanding give her the most absolute influence over her children, became all at once the subject of her daughter, and walked behind her with a mixture of deference and dignity, which reminded the spectator at one and the same time of the rights of the crown and the rights of nature. The brothers of the emperor and empress, all of them in the civil or military service, although in different stations, alike devoted to the public weal, attended them to the altar; and the church was filled with grandees of the state, with the wives, mothers, and daughters of the representatives of the ancient Teutonic nobility. Nothing new had been made for the occasion; the very dresses of the females were hereditary; and the diamonds entailed in each family, consecrated the recollections of the past to the decoration of the young. The memory of ancient times was

revived in every circumstance, and all present enjoyed a magnificence which past ages had prepared, but which cost the people no new sacrifices.

The amusements which succeeded the nuptial ceremony, had little less of dignity than the ceremony itself. It is not thus that private individuals should give entertainments; but it is perhaps fitting, that whatever is done by kings, should bear the severe impress of their august destiny. Not far from this church, around which the guns and drums announced the renewed alliance of the houses of Este and Hapsburg, is the depository which, for two centuries past, has received the remains of the Emperors of Austria and their families. There it was, in the vault of the Capuchins, that Maria Theresa, for thirty years attended mass in sight of the sepulchre which she had prepared for herself by the side of her husband. That illustrious princess had suffered so severely in early youth, that the pious sense of the instability of life never forsook her, even amid all the grandeur of the world. Many are the instances of a serious and constant devotion among the sovereigns of the earth; as they obey death alone, his irresistible power gives them so much the more rude a shock. The difficulties of life place themselves between us and the tomb; the whole distance is open for kings to the very end of their career, and this renders its termination the more distinct to their view.

Plate 39.—THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The edifice in which is deposited that grand collection of antiquities, books, and natural and artificial curiosities justly denominated the British Museum, was erected, in the latter half of the 17th century, by Ralph first Duke of Montagu, who had been ambassador in France. From that country he borrowed the plan of this structure, as well as the artists by whom it was executed. Peter Puget was the architect employed in its erection, and the apartments were painted by Charles de la Fosse and James Rousseau.

The site of the building is inclosed by a high brick wall, which excludes the view on every side. The entrance in Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury, leads into a spacious quadrangle, on the north side of which appears the main building, 216 feet in length and 57 in height to the top of the cornice; with ranges of buildings of less elevation, containing the apartments of the officers belonging to the institution on the east and west, and an Ionic colonnade on the south side.

Under the name of Montagu House this structure continued in the hands of the noble family from whom it received that appellation till the year 1753. About this time Sir Hans Sloane, who had spent a long life in the formation of a valuable collection of curiosities, directed, by his will, that this collection, which he declared to have cost him upwards of £50,000, should

be offered to Parliament for the use of the public, on condition that £20,000 should be paid to his executors, and a house provided for its reception. The offer was accepted, and several other collections were added to that of Sir Hans Sloane. About the same time the two heiresses of the Montagu family tendered this spacious mansion for their reception. It was accordingly purchased for £10,000, and the whole establishment completed for £85,000, which was raised by way of lottery.

A beginning having been thus made of a public scientific repository, it was deemed expedient to increase its importance, by adding to it whatever might, from time to time, be within the reach of the legislature. In this manner it has been augmented with the Cotton library, the Harleian collection of manuscripts, Sir William Hamilton's invaluable collection of Greek vases, the Townley collection of antique marbles, and the manuscripts of the late Marquis of Lansdown. Among other benefactors, King George II. gave the whole of the important library of printed books and manuscripts which had been gradually collected by his predecessors from Henry VII. to William III. His present Majesty, equally desirous of promoting the object of this institution, gave to it a numerous collection of rare pamphlets published during the turbulent interval between 1640 and 1660. He has also contributed the two finest mummies in Europe, a collection of natural and artificial curiosities sent to him by Mr. Menzies from the north-west coast of America, many articles of Egyptian antiquities acquired at the capitulation of Alexandria in 1801, a complete set of the Journals of the Lords and Commons, &c. The trustees have added Greenwood's collection of stuffed birds, Hatchett's and Greville's minerals, Halhed's Oriental manuscripts, Tyssen's Saxon coins, and Bentley's Classics. To private donations the Museum is indebted for Dr. Birch's library, who bequeathed it by will, and the annual sum of £522 in the funds for ever; the collection of fossils of Gustavus Brander, Esq.; the select libraries of Classics belonging to Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq. and Sir William Musgrave; and a magnificent collection of printed books, prints, coins, medals, minerals, shells, gems, &c. of the Rev. Mr. Cracherode; curiosities from the South Seas and Icelandic books from Sir Joseph Banks. Numberless private individuals, as well as many public bodies both at home and abroad, and several foreign princes, have contributed to enrich the various departments embraced in this noble collection, which, for value and extent, may now vie with any in the world.

This establishment is under the superintendence of forty-one trustees; twenty by virtue of their respective offices in the state, six representing the Sloane, Cotton, and Oxford families, and fifteen chosen by the former. The immediate care of the whole is committed to a principal librarian, several deputy librarians, and their assistants, who have apartments, salaries, and other emoluments. At its institution, it was proposed, that a competent portion of £1800,

the sum granted by Parliament for the support of the Museum, should be appropriated for the purchase of new books; but the salaries of the officers and other contingent expences, which it was impossible to ascertain at first, have always greatly exceeded the allowance; so that the trustees are obliged to apply to Parliament for a yearly sum to defray the necessary charges, which has, with becoming liberality, been always allowed them.

The ground-floor, consisting of twelve rooms, contains the library of printed books; the manuscripts fill five rooms on the upper floor; the other apartments are occupied by the various collections of curiosities, natural and artificial, and a new building was a few years since erected for the reception of the Townley collection and other valuable specimens of ancient art. A view of the interior of this last suite of rooms, was given in a former volume of the *Repository*.

The Museum is open for public inspection, from ten till four o'clock, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday in every week, except in the Christmas, Easter, and Whitsun weeks, on Thanksgiving and Fast days, and during the months of August and September. Persons who wish to see the Museum, must apply between the hours of ten and two, in the anti-room, where they will be required to inscribe their names and places of abode in a book kept for that purpose; upon which, they will be shewn into the apartments as soon as the first rooms are sufficiently cleared for their reception.

The reading-room is kept open from ten till four every day in the week, except Saturday and Sunday, for one week at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and on Thanksgiving and Fast days. One of the librarians constantly attends during the above hours. Persons desirous of admission into this room, must transmit their applications in writing, specifying their names, rank, profession, and places of abode, accompanied with a recommendation from some person of known and approved character. These the principal librarian submits to the trustees, who, if they see no objection, will grant an admission for a term not exceeding six months; and every reader, at the expiration of his term, may apply to have it prolonged, without a fresh recommendation. No fees are allowed to be taken by any of the officers or attendants belonging to this institution. The polite attentions and gentlemanly behaviour of the librarians, in particular, are universally acknowledged by those who have occasion to resort to this national depository of literature.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXXVII.

Our last paper closed with some observations upon the importance of the Islands of France and Bourbon; and we may now exclaim, Thank God, the object is at last gained, although at a very late period! and whenever the Almighty Disposer of all human measures and

events shall grant us peace, let the then administration beware of ceding to any power, but especially to our natural enemies, any of our acquisitions in these seas, and also the Cape of Good Hope: possessed of these, no rival nation can ever endanger our dominions in India, our trade thither, or that to China.

We shall now leave these interesting colonies, and, although rather a retrograde movement, proceed next to the Commora Islands, a cluster consisting of five, viz. Commora (the principal), Mohilla, Angareja, Johanna, and Mayotta. These islands are situated on the north side of, and in what is called, the Channel of Madagascar. They are all extremely fertile, and well stocked with neat cattle, sheep, hogs, birds, and fowls of different kinds; they produce also sweet and sour oranges, citrons, bananas, honey, rice, sugar-canes, cocoa-nuts, &c. The bread used by the people of these islands is made from the cocoa-nut, either boiled or broiled, and then covered with honey; their drink is palm-wine, the juice of the sugar-cane (which they leave to ferment), and the milk of the cocoa-nut. The islands of Commora and Mohilla are seldom visited by the European shipping; not only on account of the inhospitable disposition of their inhabitants, but also from the want of harbours, or even safe anchorage on their coast. The people themselves are so barbarous and uncivilized, that Europeans have never ventured to make a long abode there: they are jealous of strangers in general, but have a particular aversion to the natives of Europe; arising, it is said, from various cruelties practised by the Portuguese on their first landing here. The island of Angareja is inhabited by Moors, who traffic with different parts of the continent of Africa and several of the islands to the eastward, by bartering the fruits and other productions of their island, for calicos and other manufactures of cotton. Many of them speak and write the Arabic language with great facility, and some even understand Portuguese: this advantage they derive from their trade in the Straits of Mozambique, which they carry on in vessels of about 40 tons burthen. They build their houses of stone and lime made of oyster-shells: their windows are shaded by leaves of the palm-tree, which protects them, at the same time, both from the violence of the rain, and the excessive heat of the sun. The government is aristocratical, being vested in ten of the principal inhabitants.

The island of Johanna is that most frequently visited by, and therefore best known to, Europeans, who often touch here for refreshments on their voyage to Bombay and the coast of Malabar. This island is 30 miles in length, 15 in breadth, and about 80 in circumference. Although some parts of it are extremely mountainous, it is equally pleasant and fertile; its soil is naturally good, and its various waters render it abundant in all the necessaries of life.

MERCATOR & CO.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXXIII.

Qui fit Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem,
Seu Ratio dederit, seu Fors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat?

Whence is it, sir, that none contented lives
With the fair lot which prudent Reason gives,
Or Chance presents? *Horat.* l. i. sat. 1.

It is a mortifying part of my office to be such a continual witness of the discontents of mankind, or at least to be introduced to an acquaintance with them. I cannot, indeed, boast of being the confidant of others, because my correspondents address me under feigned names; and frequently, as I presume, with fabricated stories, in order to impress others with the moral of them. But, be that as it may, I can form a tolerable judgment of the general disposition of mankind, or rather of the prevailing temper of the times, from the variety of epistolary communications with which I am favoured: but, whatever may be the topic, by whom written, or from whatever place dated, some latent or avowed dissatisfaction suggests the application to me. I have now before me twenty-seven letters; and I must acknowledge, that, although some of them are enlivened with sprightliness, a vein of dissatisfaction runs through them all. I am not, however, speaking of that philosophic discontent which arises, as it were, out of our condition, and is attached to our nature; but the petty complainings about petty things, which arise from trifling minds, or disturb trifling occupations; which superior understandings would not feel, or at least would disdain to acknowledge.

I have here epistles from the court and the city; from the country town and the country seat; from Whitechapel and Cadogan-place; from Richmond Hill and Hockley Hole; as well as from the water-drinking and sea-bathing places of every description: and each has its separate complaint of some inconvenience, that is, sustained from some folly that is offensive, some accident that has happened, or some untoward circumstance that is apprehended.

A lady, who addresses me under the signature of *Mentoria*, writes a very sensible essay on the disappointments of human life, which fills the whole of a sheet of post-paper, in a very small hand. I rather think that I have read these observations before, and that I could name the volume, some of whose pages have been very faithfully copied: but that is nothing to the purpose; they contain a well-drawn, improving picture of man's journey through the vale of time, and the many rugged parts he is likely to pass over; and I naturally had prepared my sympathy for the misfortune or cause of grief, whatever it might be, that would be communicated to me; when, behold! the climax of Mentoria's woes appeared to consist in her always being so sick at sea, that she could never enjoy any of the many delightful sailing parties at Weymouth, where she was passing the

summer. But this is not all: in a turn of expression rather outrageous for a lady of her name, she adds, that, on applying to a medical man to contrive something to prevent, if possible, this mortifying inconvenience, by strengthening her stomach, he gave her an opiate, as it may be supposed, with proper precautions. These, however, it appears, she did not follow; for the vessel, which bore a party of pleasure, had scarce quitted the shore, when she, who was one of them, sunk into a sleep that continued during the whole voyage, of which she saw nothing, felt nothing, and enjoyed nothing: but the evil did not end here; for, on her return, her situation required a very powerful application to disperse the narcotic effects of the medicine, which disqualified her for the ball that and the two following evenings.—Thus she adds another imprecatory article to her Litany:—"From sea-sickness and blundering apothecaries, good Lord, deliver us."

A gentleman, who signs himself *Jack Dash*, after he has described his person and accomplishments with much complacency of eulogium on both, is very much disappointed, that such figure and manners as he displays, are not more particularly noticed. He writes from a public place, under the impressions of a severe mortification, that a lady should refuse him as a partner at a ball, and immediately engage in the dance with a little hump-backed, bow-legged man of title.

As I am not acquainted with the parties, and cannot make such a comparison between the supposed attractions of the one, and the unfavourable appearance of the other, as to draw any positive conclusions from the lady's taste on the occasion, I shall content myself with a few general observations, which I beg leave to recommend to Mr. Dash's particular attention; and, if he can contrive to weave them into the tissue of his future life, he may hereafter be obliged to these petty vexations which seem to distress his present hour.

The endeavour to attract observation, is the infallible mark of a little mind, as the avoiding it is the sign of a great one. The man who makes public opinion the rule of his actions, and frames the order of his life to catch the attention of the multitude, will travel on the strait road to disappointment, to say no worse of it. But he who, while he does not court observation, does not fear to meet it, has the best prospect of attaining that respect and regard from others, which is among the most desirable possessions of life. We can only judge of the character of our virtues, whether they are real and intrinsic, when we act unobserved by others, and are uninfluenced by the gazing eyes of lookers-on. In such a situation, a man becomes capable of disengaging himself from the opinions of other men; nor will he suffer any deference to the sense of others, to ensnare him into a conduct against the dictates of his reason. If a good man could render himself invisible, he would act in the same manner as if the whole world had its eyes upon him. Certain it is, that secret kindnesses done to mankind are as beautiful, as secret injuries are detestable.

To be invisibly good is as godlike, as to be invisibly ill is diabolical: and it happens to be in my power to name men of illustrious minds, who enjoy all the pleasures of good actions, except that of being commended for them. Whether this kind of observation will suit the disposition of Mr. Dash, now or at any other time, I know not; but I can assure him, and he may depend upon the opinion, that, when he appears to pay less attention to himself, he will receive more from others; and that, if he will trust to noble and benevolent actions for his happiness, he will never suffer the caprices of a coquettish miss, or the frivolous circumstances of a ball-room, to ruffle his temper.

I have another epistle, which is full of complaints; but the principal of them, and which seems to have been the cause of the written application to me, I did not discover till I had completed the third page of a folio sheet of paper, on which his discontents are written. In short, he finds the times have changed, and good manners been totally banished, since he was a young man, a period to which he looks back, as it appears, with very painful sensations of regret. That, in the course of years, manners may change, fashions may vary, and old customs may be succeeded by new habits, is a matter of natural expectation; thus it ever has been, and thus it will ever be: such is the mutability of human things. But Mr. *Longstay*, for that is the gentleman's name, rests his chief reproaches against the present times, on the want of politeness and urbanity, which, he says, so disgracefully distinguishes them. Elegance of manners, he thinks, is banished from those circles where it used to be considered, in a great measure, as an exclusive qualification. Those courtesies, which are, in his opinion, the most pleasing decorations of social life, are, he says, no where to be found: nay, he complains, that even common civility is forgotten among the higher ranks, and decent respect no longer observed by the lower classes of society.

After this philippic against modern manners, I naturally expected to have a long catalogue of rudenesses, impertinences, gross expressions, abusive language, &c. &c. &c. &c.; when, lo and behold! the whole of his complaint was involved in one expression, which, he says, is on every one's tongue, "that he is an old man." He cannot sit still at home, he cannot go abroad, he cannot move or stir, but he is greeted, in some way or other, by the opinion, that he is grown old. If any of his long-enjoyed acquaintance pay him a visit, they always salute him with the title of their old friend; by others he is as often complimented with, "How well you look for a person of your age!" If he has company to dine at home, or if he dines abroad, there is always some officious person or other, who offers him an arm to help him down stairs, as if he were not able to get to the eating-room without their assistance. It was but the other day, that, as he was cutting up a goose, a young man of the party, aft r expressing his apprehension, that he had not strength to separate the joints of the bird, offered to save him the trouble. On this occasion,

it seems, he became so irritated, that he chastised the insolence, as he terms it, by replying, "I may not be able, sir, to contend with a living goose, but I know how to master a dead one." He hesitates whether he shall not discharge two of his servants, because he overheard one of them say to the other, "How well our old gentleman looks to-day!" when the other replied, "God bless him, may he live to be as old as Methuselah!" He also expresses a doubt whether he shall not erase the name of a young lady, who is his god-daughter, out of his will, to whom he had left a legacy of five thousand pounds, because, the other evening, in the playfulness of her respect for him, she expressed a wish that he was her grandfather. He cannot go out if the weather is a little chilly, but some one or other is persuading him to be blanketted up, with, "Consider, my dear sir, at your time of life, how necessary it is to take every precaution against catching cold!" and then it is ten to one but some impudent person adds, "Remember, you are not so young as you were twenty years ago." One of his tenants, a young man, having applied for a renewal of the lease of a farm which he occupied, for a further term of twenty-one years, received a favourable answer to the proposal; when the unfortunate farmer happening to say, that he had heard his grandfather often boast that he was one of his honour's playfellows when they were both boys, his honour was so offended, that he silently cut off fourteen years from the lease, without suffering a word to be said in reply. Such is the wonderful grievance of Mr. Longstay's life, which seems, more or less, to disquiet him every day of it; as if it were possible, that any one, who had passed his grand climacteric, could be free from continual notifications that he is an old man.

Flirtilla is the daughter of a commercial man of considerable opulence, who resides at Hampstead; and complains, in terms not the most dutiful, of the niggardly spirit of her father in not keeping a carriage, the want of which convenient and important equipage obliges her, in her occasional passages between the country and the metropolis, to have recourse to a stage-coach. She gives an account of various mortifications which she has received from this humiliating circumstance; but I shall, for the present, content my readers with two or three of them.—This young lady seems to entertain the belief, that if her father approved of any proposal of marriage made to her, he would be very ready to accompany his consent with a handsome fortune: at the same time he furnishes her with the means of the most fashionable appearance in every thing that relates to her personal decoration; she is also permitted to take a reasonable share in public amusements, and, on certain occasions, is indulged with the comforts of a glass-coach: but still the necessity of having recourse to the vulgar vehicle already mentioned, continually interrupts her pleasure and disconcerts her prospects. For example, at a ball which she attended, during the last winter, at the London Tavern, when she appeared to be rather an at-

tractive figure among the belles of the assembly, she was asked to dance by one of the smartest young men in it, with an air of polite familiarity, which seemed to denote a former acquaintance, of which she, however, had not the least recollection. But after the first dance an ecclaircissement took place, by his informing her, that he had already enjoyed the happiness of being once in her company in the Hampstead stage; then, he added, with much gallantry, that the pleasure was more transient than he could have wished, as he was taken up at the well-known public-house called Mother Red-Cap's, which was in such an advanced state of the hour's journey, as not to allow him more than twenty minutes for catching occasional glimpses of her.—She also mentions, that so late as last week, when she was passing along Fleet-street with her aunt, a lady about five and forty, she perceived herself to be very particularly regarded by an elegant young man in a curricle, with two outriders in handsome livery. Her way was along Chancery-lane, and there she saw the curricle continuing to follow. Her passage, however, lay through Staple's-Inn, where a carriage is not admissible; but the fascinated hero descended from his car, and followed her till she came into Holborn, at the very spot where the Hampstead stage takes up its stand, and into one of which she was obliged to ascend; when her admirer appeared instantly to turn on his heel, as if in disdain of the vulgar conveyance which she had entered.

I cannot enter into such a discussion of the subject as Miss Flirtilla seems to expect of me; but if she really has that confidence in my opinion which she professes, I recommend her to be persuaded, that the young spark giving up the pursuit of her in the manner he did, was from a conviction, that, by her entering into a stage-coach, she was a character that could not be persuaded to enter into his curricle.

I shall conclude this lucubration with a letter from an unfortunate lover, who is so disconsolate, that he threatens to hang himself. It is too long for me to insert; I shall, therefore, only give the beginning, the middle, and the end of it.

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Num tu, quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
  Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mydonias opes
Permutare velis crine Licymniæ,
  Plenas aut Arabum domos?

Say, shall the wealth by kings possest,
  Or the rich diadems they wear,
Or all the treasures of the East,
  Purchase one lock of my Amanda's hair?

If you do not, my dear Mr. Spectator, give me some of your good counsel, so that I may extricate myself from my present alarming dilemma, I shall certainly hang myself. You will be so good as to recollect, that it is the month of November; and though by no means a gloomy one, I may, without your aid, become an example of the propensities of which Englishmen have been accused in this particular part of the year.

You must know, then, that I am seriously and violently in love; and the object of my passion is not only a most charming and accomplished woman, but in every respect suited to my situation and circumstances in life. My friends approve of the connection, and my

happiness rests upon the consummation of it. I had but one fault to find with my beloved fair, if it were a fault, and that was, what appeared to me, an overweening delicacy of conduct, and a certain kind of reserved behaviour, which is generally considered as altogether unnecessary between a couple of persons who are approaching, by mutual consent, towards the altar of Hymen. She constantly refused me the least of those innocent familiarities, which are the usual anticipations of the happiness that is expected to result from the final and indissoluble union of marriage.

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Among other requests which I have often made to her and were refused, was, the humble entreaty that she would give me a lock of her hair to ornament a broach, that I might wear it near my heart. But this was peremptorily denied, with a recommendation to be content, as in a short time all the hair on her head would be my own. One evening, however, I had taken more wine than usual in toasting her health, and, on my paying her my accustomed visit, I thought she looked more charming than ever, and that the arrangement of her tresses was managed with more than common taste and elegance. Thus inspired with love and with wine, I felt a sufficient degree of courage to attempt the rape of a lock; and having obtained a pair of scissars, and, under the pretext of turning over the leaves of a music-book as she was seated at the piano-forte, having placed myself behind her, with great caution seized a curl, and was on the moment of separating it for ever from the lovely head where it grew, when, perceiving my design, she gave herself a sudden jirk, which left not only the curl, but the whole wig to which it belonged, in my hand. For a wig it was that gave such a decoration to her features; and I was at once let into the secret, that, for one of her beauties at least, she was not indebted to nature, but the wig-shop. I was stupified with amazement, at seeing her at once transmogrified into a most decided crop; and she became so furious with rage and mortification at this unlucky exposure, that she ordered me to quit the house instantly, and never enter it again. The following morning my sentence was confirmed by a very calm assurance, that I should never be her husband.

Now do tell me, Mr. Spectator, I beseech you, what I am to do, to regain my charmer's favour; for, since I saw her in her native crop, I am more in love with her than ever. I am, with great truth, your constant, but unhappy reader,

TIMOTHY FAITHFUL.

This is a very difficult case to decide upon: but I would advise Mr. Faithful, in the first place, to cut off his own hair, and, after informing the lady of the sacrifice he had made towards appeasing her just resentment, to express his humble hope, that, either in a wig or as a crop, she would restore him to the honour and happiness of being her everlasting admirer.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. James Lockhart, the ingenious author of a Method of Approximating towards the Roots of Cubic Equations belonging to the Irreducible Case, has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, *Tables*, whereby a very extensive approximation towards the root of the cubic equation $x^3 - bx = c$ may be derived when it belongs to the Irreducible Case; to be dedicated, by permission, to Francis Maseres, Esq. Cursitor Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer. Of these Tables, consisting of about 9000 numbers of the first column, a specimen is given with the proposals of the author, with a pledge, that the greater part of the work shall give a much more extensive approximation. In an Appendix it will be shewn, that a very considerable approximation towards the roots of equations of all dimensions may easily be obtained, exemplified by specimens of tables giving the roots of equations of the fifth and seventh orders. Subscribers' names will be received till 1st January, 1815, at Ackermann's Repository of Arts, where a printed prospectus, as well as the author's former work, may be procured.

Messrs. Boydell and Co. have announced for publication, Part I. of a Series of Biblical Prints, under the title of *Illustrations of the Holy Bible;* to be completed in a set of about one hundred copperplate engravings, calculated to ornament all quarto and octavo editions of the Bible, and published without the text. The designs for this work are all original, and executed by a very ingenious artist, Mr. Isaac Taylor, jun. with strict attention to historical and religious propriety, and will be suitably engraved by Mr. Isaac Taylor, sen. A portion of descriptive letterpress, containing a clear and brief exposition of each subject, will be delivered with the several parts, in order that purchasers who prefer having the set of prints in a separate volume, to accompany their Bible, may the more easily understand the passages exemplified by the artists. This useful publication will form about ten parts, each containing ten prints.

The same publishers have also just brought out the First Part of a new work, executed at St. Petersburg, called *The Gallery of engraved Portraits of Generals, Officers,* &c. who, by their valour, military talents, and patriotism, have contributed to the success of the Russian arms during the war commenced in 1812. Each part of this work is to contain five portraits, with memoirs in the Russian and French languages, printed in royal quarto. The portraits will be engraved by Vendramini, from drawings purposely taken from the life by M. St. Aubin, and will continue to be published with as much expedition as circumstances will permit. The first number contains portraits of the Emperor Alexander, the Grand Duke Constantine, Prince Bagration, the Hetman Platoff, and Major-General Koulneff.

A humorous poem, in four books, entitled *Chalcographimania,* with numerous explanatory notes, exhibiting the various infatuations now the rage, with a copious index

of the names of persons whose foibles are noticed in the work, designed as a companion to Mr. Dibdin's celebrated Bibliomania, will appear early in December, in one large volume 8vo.

In a few days will be published, in one elegantly printed volume, a new work, entitled *Time's Telescope* for the year 1814; containing, 1. A complete Guide to the Almanack. 2. Astronomical Occurrences in every Month, with a popular View of the Solar System. 3. The Naturalist's Diary, explaining the various Appearances in the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms; and Meteorological Remarks. A general Introduction will be prefixed, illustrative of astronomical and other terms usually occurring in almanacks. The work will be embellished with twelve interesting wood-cuts by Mr. Clennell, descriptive of the different months.

An Introduction to the Study of Bibliography, by Mr. Thomas Hartwell Horne, will be published early in the ensuing year. It will comprise a general view of the different subjects connected with Bibliography, as well as some account of the most celebrated public libraries, ancient and modern, and also a notice of the principal works on the knowledge of books. Numerous engravings will be given, illustrative of early printing, together with fac-similes of the books of images, and the monograms or marks used by the first printers, &c.

Mr. Taylor, of Ongar, will publish, in the course of the ensuing month, a small volume, entitled *Maternal Solicitude for a Daughter's best Interests*.

Mr. Semple is about to publish, *Observations made on a Tour, during the Summer, from Hamburgh, through Berlin, Gorlitz, and Breslau, to Silberberg, and thence to Gottenburg, passing through the Head-Quarters of the Allied Armies.*

The Rev. Harvey Marriott, Rector of Claverton, and author of a Course of Practical Sermons for Families, will publish, in the ensuing month, *An Easy and Practical Explanation of the Church Catechism*, intended chiefly for the use of Sunday and other parochial schools, and dedicated, by permission, to the Rev. Dr. Bell.

The Rev. J. Robertson, to whose enterprising spirit and address the British and Spanish nations were chiefly indebted for the liberation of the gallant Romana and his faithful followers from their confinement in Denmark, and their restoration to the service of their country, a few days since held a public Lecture at Freemasons' Tavern, illustrative of certain methods proposed by him for conveying instruction to the Blind, and the Deaf and Dumb. Many attempts have been made to render characters palpable, for the use of the former, and not without success. Long before the Revolution, a method was published at Paris, which consisted in rendering the type tangible on one side of the paper. Mr. Robertson's invention has for its object to render both pages palpable without confusion. His observations on that species of hearing which he calls *vibration*, if not altogether new, have not, as far as we know, been practically applied to the education of the Deaf and Dumb. These subjects are certainly of sufficient import-

ance to recommend themselves, as well as the benevolent lecturer, to the public attention.

Mr. James Minasi, of Foley-place, historical painter to his Sicilian Majesty and H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, and historical engraver to the former, is engaged on a portrait of Lord Wellington, copied by permission from a painting in the possession of his illustrious brother, Marquis Wellesley, which is acknowledged to be the best likeness extant. The engraving will be executed in a style of elegance suitable to the merits of the exalted original.

The admirers of the late lamented General Moreau will be gratified to learn, that a beautiful portrait of him, engraved by Freshci, from a miniature painting by Isabey, in the possession of Madame Moreau, is just published by Mr. Girtin, of Oxford-street. To the public in general such a memorial of a character possessing perhaps stronger claims to honourable distinction, than any which the French revolution has rendered conspicuous, cannot fail to prove highly acceptable.

Outlines of a plan have been circulated, for keeping the price of flour, at all times, within a due proportion to the price of wheat, allowing a fair and handsome profit to the manufacturer. The plan is, to erect public mills, to be worked by steam, similar to the late Albion Mills, which will not be liable to become useless at the period most wanted (as is the case with all water corn-mills, a drought generally occurring after fine harvest weather); and to establish these mills, by public subscription, on some convenient spot on the banks of the Thames, for which purpose several eligible situations have been already offered: it is also intended, that at these mills individuals shall have the privilege of sending their own wheat to be ground. To carry this plan into execution, it is proposed to apply to Parliament for leave to raise the sum of £100,000 in small transferable shares (£25 or, perhaps, £10 each, to be determined by the committee); and for the incorporation of the subscribers, to enable them to erect mills capable of grinding about one thousand sacks per week, to be worked by water, wind, or steam; and by the latter only when there shall be a deficiency of either of the other powers. It is also proposed, that the undertaking be managed by a committee of twenty-one directors, holding shares to the amount of £1000 each; but that the shares, in the first instance, shall be distributed in parcels of £10,000 among ten individuals, to be again distributed by them among various applicants, in order that a preference may be given to bakers and other consumers of flour: but in case there shall not be applicants for the whole amount of capital, it is not intended that the said ten individuals shall be liable to calls beyond £1000: that these ten individuals shall be the first committee of management, with power to choose eleven others from among subscribers holding shares to the amount of £1000 each: that a deposit of five per cent. shall be paid at the time of subscribing, and the remainder by calls as may be wanted, never exceeding at one time ten per cent. It is presumed, however, that nothing like the

whole capital will be requisite to establish mills on a very extensive scale.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Concerto da Camera, for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for two Violins, Flute, Viola, and Violoncello, No. 2, *composed, and dedicated to Miss Bishop,* by P. A. Corri. Pr. 7s. 6d.

If we are not overbiassed by a particular bent of taste (from which even the reviewer is not exempt), the concerto before us is one of those rare productions of musical first-rate talent, which will be in request as long as the art maintains its present high state of cultivation. It is a charming composition from beginning to end. The allegro in three flats, sets out with an interesting subject, in which the *tutti* part does not, as is too often the case, perform the menial office of a porter, merely, as it were, to open the door to the *solo.* Both are masterly devised. Of the solos, we can scarcely select any one portion without tacitly doing injustice to the others. The passages, however (*p.* 5), are of a superior stamp; and the *tutti's,* in the same page, with their fine bass imitations, above our praise. Equally beautiful is the minor solo, *p.* 6, as far as the transition to A b; and the *tutti* again, in F major, which succeeds, commands all the praise we can bestow. Indeed, all the rest is one uninterrupted treat of rich and luxuriant musical ideas.

The slow movement is an excellent minuet, exhibiting a continued flow of graceful melody, whether under the guidance of the orchestra, or of the piano-forte individually; and the last part, with the obligato flute support, is exceedingly sweet.

The walz theme of the rondo is elegant; and the outset of the solo, *p.* 13, full of brilliant precision. Page 14, we observe the fanciful accompaniment to the shake. In the *minore, p.* 15, the subject is classically represented in a plaintive cast; and the modulations reared upon it are as bold and scientific as those in *p.* 17 are playful and novel.

To the advanced student, this concerto of Mr. Corri's will prove a rich source of improvement and delight.

A second Duet, for the Harp and Piano-Forte, or two Piano-Fortes, composed, and dedicated to his Friend, Ph. Meyer, jun. by Sam. Webbe, jun. Pr. 5s.

An introductory adagio, in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, an allegro, and a theme with variations; all in F major, and all very good. Short as the adagio may be, there are feeling and science in it. The character of the allegro is that of determined vigour and of striking harmonic combination. Both instruments are unceasingly thrown in reciprocal action, and by that means the meritorious modulations in the second part, interspersed with some bold touches, are exhibited to peculiar advantage. The subject for the variations, is, "Cease your funning," a favourite of Mr. W.'s. In the first variation, which belongs to the piano-forte, we observe, among other calls for unqualified encomium, the delicate employment of the chromatic scale. The second, for the harp, preserves the melody uninjured amidst a rich flow of elo-

gant passages. The third and fourth, the joint property of both instruments, are equally and unexceptionably good, especially the able bass evolutions of the latter. Two accomplished performers are required throughout.

Le Troubadour, a Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.), composed, and dedicated to the Hon. Miss Douglas, of Douglas, by T. Latour. Pr. 4s.

Four movements: a mäestoso and allegro in D major, a romance in G major, and a rondo in D major; all of which are more or less entitled to our commendation. The first conveys a feeling of rural innocence expressed with delicacy and taste. The subject, however, of the allegro, especially with its drumming bass, has too much the air of a common country dance, and to us appears rhythmically incorrect in the structure of the eighth bar, where the cadence is protracted, and deviates from the metre adopted in the fourth bar. The modulations, *p.* 5, with two additional sharps, and, above all, the clever transition to the original key (at the bottom), demand our favourable notice. The romance possesses graceful simplicity of melody, such as a theme for variation should exhibit: the four variations themselves are respectable, and form very proper matter for digital practice. The rondo, whose whimsical subject resembles that of the allegro, offers no peculiar scope for remark, except its minor portion, which is rather originally conceived, and ably treated in point of harmony. The print, paper, and title are of a superior kind.

May-Day, a Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, ad libitum, composed, and dedicated to Miss Grace Purkis, by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 4s.

As this is the first composition from the above-named author, that has engaged our critical attention, we feel pleasure in complimenting him on so favourable a *début* in the *Repository*. In the three movements in C, before us (an andante, an allegro moderato, *alla marcia*, and an allegretto scherzando), we have ample tokens of Mr. R.'s good taste and correct ear. The andante is graceful, and contains some very pretty crossed-hand passages. The second movement comes up to the title by its spirited precision; the episode in F (*p.* 5), is well placed; and a neat cadence connects this with the next and last movement, founded on the well-known dance, "Momfrina." Here the author's own ideas are naturally modelled out of the subject, and succeed each other in well connected order. We are particularly satisfied with *p.* 9; the successive transitions from G major to G minor, to E b, &c. are workmanlike and proper; the shake, *p.* 10, is neatly supported; the left hand takes up the subject very ably; and the winding up, amidst the sustained C's of the bass, imparts a richness of effect to the conclusion.

Three Waltzes, with Introductions for the Harp or Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Cuthbert, by F. Lanza. Second Set. Pr. 3s. 6d.

These walzes appear less calculated for the "light, fantastic toe,"

than for the light fingers of amateurs, especially on the harp, for which instrument they seem preferably composed. Both the introductions and the walzes themselves are entitled to rank among our good compositions. Of the former, we decidedly give the preference to No. I. both on account of its fine melody, and of the science with which it is framed. The walz which follows it, is equally good, above all, its interesting trio; nor do we lose sight of the able manner in which the left hand occasionally maintains the melody. The second walz is rendered attractive by its very neat subject; an original entrance into the key of D claims attention, and the trio again is of a select cast. The notes in general are rather high. Of the third walz, we are justified in speaking with equal, if not higher approbation. It is elegant throughout, and its effect not a little enhanced by the portions assigned to crossed hands.

La Chasse, et Rondo Militaire, avec Accompagnement de Violon ou Flute et Basse, ad libitum, composés, et dediés a Mademoiselle Jeans, par J. Mugnié. Pr. 5s.

The first of the two abovementioned movements completely makes good its title: it maintains the character and effect of a hunting piece from beginning to end; and although the intent of the music is indicated in but one instance (*cris de chiens, p.* 2), we were enabled to trace the progressive stages of the chace, and to be in at the death without any difficulty or doubts as to the author's meaning. This successful deduction of the intended effects of a musical composition, while it affords mental amusement, shews that the picture is drawn from nature. So much for the truth of the portrait: as to its execution, it is such as the acknowledged taste and skill of Mr. M. might warrant us to expect. Without entering into a minute detail, we will only point out the portion, *pp.* 4 and 5, where, after gradually modelling himself a fresh motivo, the author carries the same idea with the greatest neatness of transition through E b, B b, G minor and major, A b, &c. constantly reproducing itself in fresh, yet similar shapes. We think that part very able and meritorious.

The military rondo distinguishes itself at the outset, by a very spirited and agreeable subject. The whole of page 10 excites superior interest, by the delicate manner in which its several select periods are treated; a *minore*, in a marked and wild style, intervenes, *p.* 12; a striking succession of descending fourths, ending by means of an extreme sixth, in the cord of G major, rivets our attention, *p.* 13, *l.* 1; and the next page conducts the movement to a close with great vigour and brilliancy.

A Grand Sonata for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Violin, composed by D. Steibelt. Pr. 2s.

O si sic omnes! was our wishful ejaculation, after we had feasted on this superlatively beautiful composition. If, indeed, all the pieces that pass critical muster before us, were similar to this sonata, our task would be as easy as pleasing to our feelings. For here our only difficulty is, to find expressions sufficiently suitable to our admiration,

and to select from a mass of excellence, what might be deemed the most excelling. The sonata sets out with an adagio in G major; which, however, soon abandons that key, and proceeds in three flats, with abundance of accidental ones, to its final pause on A b; from whence, by means of D, 4, 6b, and D 7, it prepares for the allegro in G minor. This allegretto commences again with nearly the same subject as the adagio; but of its protean process through all the mysteries of higher harmony, of its windings, its abstruse combinations, its melodious episodes, its imitations, counterpoints, original modulations, controversial dialogue with the violin, and a hundred other essentials in the compositorial art, successively brought forth in its structure, we cannot attempt even a cursory sketch. The allegro is succeeded by a rondo, likewise in G minor, the merit of which no description of ours could sufficiently elucidate. The subject is one of the most original we have ever seen; it is afterwards charmingly recast into a major mood, *p.* 26, where the elegant melodiousness of the ideas acts in beautiful relief against the wild character of the minor part preceding. The violin is not only absolutely essential, but, on account of its high ascent, requires a delicate player. In surveying the general character of this sonata, we think it deviates considerably from the usual style of Steibelt's compositions. It appears to us more chromatic and elaborate, and, in that respect, seems to partake strikingly of the manner of Beethoven.

Les petits Bijour, consisting of favourite Airs, Dances, and Rondos for the Piano-Forte, composed by the most celebrated Professors. Nos. XII. XIII. and XIV. Pr. 2s. each.

The first (No. XII.) of the above-named numbers, of Messrs. Goulding and Co.'s periodical publication, proceeds from the pen of a Mr. Kiallmark, and contains a set of variations on the theme of Mr. Braham's duet, "Rest, weary Traveller." The variations are in the common routine style of that species of composition, as free from any peculiar blame, as they appear to us undistinguished by any striking merit. While their neutral simplicity may afford satisfaction to the unfastidious amateur, their texture is not likely to give offence to the nicer judge.

No. XIII. entitled *La Colombe perdue*, by a Mr. Rosolli, after a brief introductory movement, presents us with an andantino (A maj. $\frac{6}{8}$), in which we notice a good singing melody of tasteful expression, an appropriate bass support, a very respectable portion in A minor and C major, some opportune employment of crossed hands, &c. all which gives to this composition the character of meritorious propriety.

No. XIV. is a rondo engrafted by Mr. Holder upon the Irish air of *Evelyn's Bower*. The author modulates rather early (*p.* 1), but as he does it creditably, we are satisfied. The idea (*p.* 3) of representing the first period of the subject in A minor, and the succeeding one all at once in C major, has our approbation. The motivo is subsequently treated under a va-

riety of forms and keys, and the re-entry into the original key is brought about satisfactorily. The left hand is plainly set, and its frequent repetition of the thirds in the treble, is rather to be regretted than commended.

"*And has she then failed in her Truth?*" *a Rondo, sung by Mr. Sinclair, in Selima and Azor, composed* by H. R. Bishop. Pr. 1s. 6d.

In spite of some serious grammatical flaws, we were highly pleased with this rondo. To notice a few:—In the symphony, the wish to deviate from common-place prelude, has led to awkward harmonies: bar 4 $\begin{smallmatrix}5&5\\3&3\\F&F\end{smallmatrix}$ ought to have been $\begin{smallmatrix}5&6\\3&3\\F&F\end{smallmatrix}$, in order to lead to $\begin{smallmatrix}6&s\\4&\\3&\\E&\end{smallmatrix}$; and in bar 6 we should have preferred the following eight quavers for the bass: — F sharp, A, D, Fs, Fs, G, A, B. Again, in the 2d part ("Ah! Selima!" *p.* 3), the wish to substitute an ascent by scale, in the bass, to the ordinary G, C, G, C, has led to objectionable harmonic progression: the harmony of the three first bars would have better stood as follows (preserving the melody):—

7 7 6
5 5 5 5 6 6 6
3n. 3 3 3 3 3 5 5
G Gs. A A, Bn. &c.

And *p.* 3, *l.* 2, *b.* 2, we should have preferred the following accompaniment for the right hand:—

A c B d
C C D D

The high opinion which we have, on many former occasions, professed to entertain of Mr. B.'s talents, will exempt us from the imputation of any inimical motives in thus pointing out what we conceive would render this elegant little rondo more perfect in point of harmony. We have seldom seen so much variety of pleasing and contrasting ideas condensed in so small a compass, as is the case in this song. The subject is very graceful; the burden, "No, no, I shall never see her more," uncommonly sweet and apposite; and the two short lines in the last and minor part, are so replete with scientific and original windings of harmony at every step, as to call for our warmest commendations.

The Regent's Park, a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed by M. Holst. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Evidently intended for beginners, to whom we can recommend it as a pleasing trifle, plain in bass, and easy in treble; yet representing a well connected succession of melodious ideas, sufficiently diversified to keep alive the pupil's attention and favour.

An Anthem in Score, with an Adaptation for the Piano-Forte, composed by W. H. Cutler, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Organist of St. Helen's. Op. 10. Pr. 15s.

This anthem, as its title proclaims, was Mr. Cutler's probatory exercise for the Bachelor's degree; and its publication enables us to judge of the graduate's claim to that honorary distinction. After well weighing the aggregate merit of the arduous undertaking of the candidate, we are free to say, had we been one of the judges, we could not in conscience have given a dissenting vote. The work is not without some common-place ideas, or indeed without some objectionable portions; but the good preponderates in a great degree; and every part of it evinces diligence

and attentive study of the productions of classic models. In the introduction we observe some able bass passages. The tenor solo, "O praise the Lord," exhibits throughout much taste and chasteness of melody; it is, more than any other part, modelled upon the modern style of sacred music; the last line, *p.* 8, has our decided approbation. In the chorus (A 5), *p.* 12, we observe some meritorious responses and repercussions. The bass solo, "Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice," &c. possesses no particular character of pre-eminence; but in the duet for two trebles (*p.* 44), we meet with a smooth progression of good melody, well adapted to the text in general. In the trio, "Let them who joyful hymns compose," we observe several skilful contrivances of the parts, especially towards the latter portion. But the fugue in the last chorus is what the author may, with the greatest confidence, adduce in justification of the academical honour conferred upon him; it does him great credit, and we only wish every musical graduate could produce the like of *his own* make.

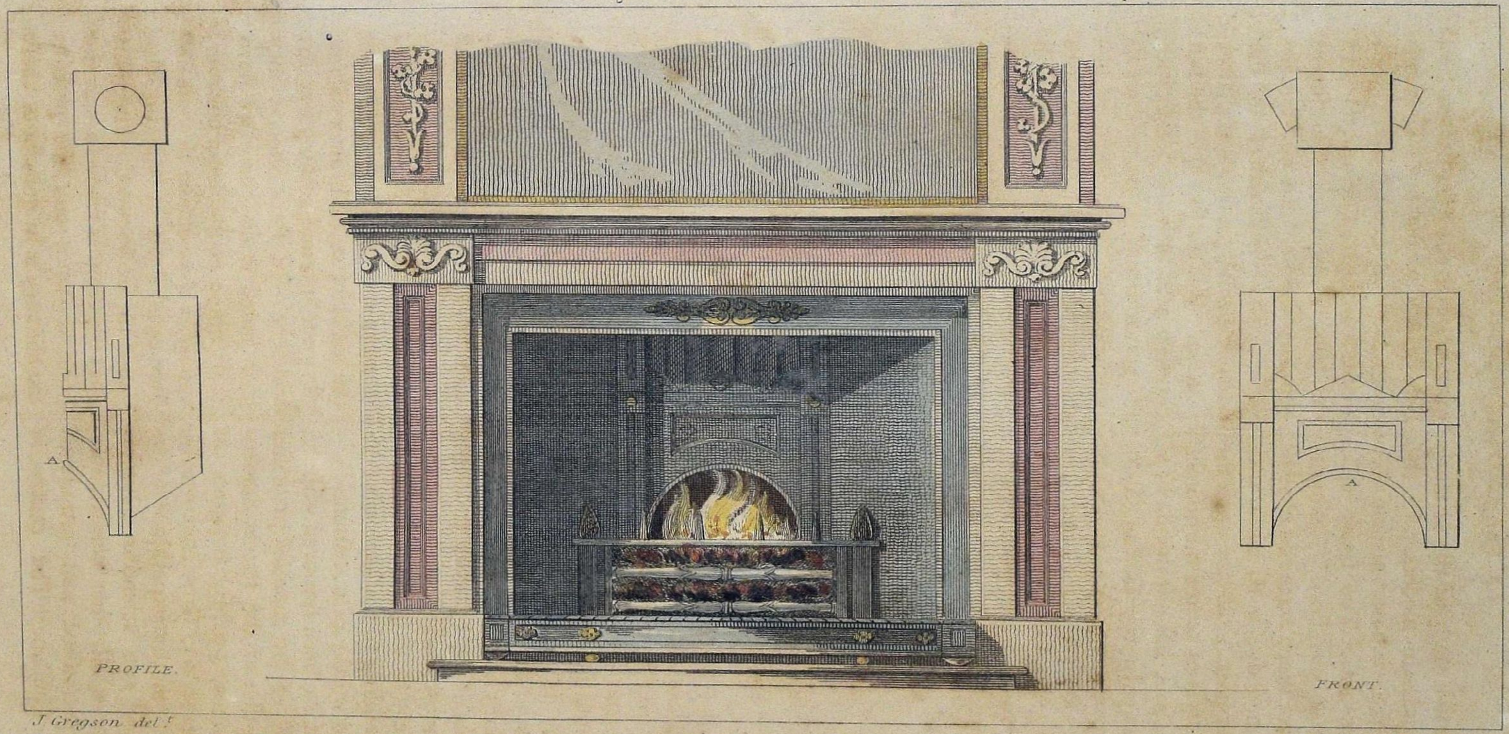
ON THE COMFORT OF HOUSES.

PLATE 38.—THE PATENT SMOKE-CONDUCTOR.

In pursuance of the intimation which we gave in our Number for June last, we return to the consideration of this important subject.

The season is now approaching when it may be truly said, that an Englishman best enjoys the fire-side; but, unfortunately, a smoky chimney is one of the greatest plagues of human life. The remedy for this evil has engaged the thoughts of Dr. Franklin and some of the most eminent philosophers; and every invention and improvement tending to that end, must be deemed worthy of attention.

We have been favoured with the drawing of the annexed plate and description of the Patent Smoke-Conductor, by Mr. Gregson, of Charles-street, Grosvenor-square, who, from the experience of its superior and scientific advantages above all other contrivances, first patronised and introduced it in London. The center of the plate shews the conductor in its place, at the back, above the fire-grate; the smoke passing behind the movable door, keeps the front perfectly clean: and here we may remark, the great difference that exists in our best apartments, and those fitted up from the designs of Messrs. Percier and Fontaine in Paris. The backs of those fire-places are of excellent workmanship, exhibiting various subjects, either of modern history, heathen mythology, or other ornaments to suit the apartments; while the backs of our fire-places above the grate, present nothing but dirt and soot. In Paris indeed they burn much wood; here we burn coal: these conductors, however, appear as if we should in some degree equal Paris as well for elegance as for comfort. The front next the room is made to suit the grate it stands on; the part in the chimney is in general of sheet



PATENT MONGOLFIER SMOKE CONDUCTOR.

for the Remedying of Smoky Chimnies.

iron, according to the sketch of the front and profile view. The door A slides in a groove with a spring, and is moved by two handles, to increase or diminish the draft; the soffite of the chimney is inclosed by a fixed or movable register, to fit the place. These conductors are made to any size, shape, or style, according to their situation from the kitchen to the state saloon. They are founded on the Mongolfier principles, which have been so well defined, in actual experiments, at the Royal Institution. The pipe up the chimney being a good conductor of heat, soon gets warm, which heat being again discharged, rarefies the air contained in the pipe and mouth of the chimney, and keeps a current of air constantly ascending, without increasing the consumption of the fuel: for it is generally allowed, that the same heat is produced in a room by these conductors with one third less fuel than in the common way; because the soffite of the chimnies being open, carries up that radiant heat from the fire that should have been applied to warming the room.

Upon these principles they are recommended for infirmaries, public institutions, and crowded places, and are the very reverse to the common method of curing smoky chimnies by contracting the fire-place; for in proportion as the fire-place is contracted, the consumption of coals will be increased, the contraction causing the current of cold air to pass immediately through the bars. Nevertheless, neither Mr. Gregson nor the patentee, Mr. Fisher, consider them infallible. The horizontal parallax of the different chimnies, their perpendicular altitude, their hydrostatical pressure, and relative situations, require to be so well considered, that there are still some cases which may be deemed incurable.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

(Concluded from p. 270.)

As soon as the thunder of applause excited by this part of Mr. Metaphor's speech, had subsided, the orator again resumed his harangue:—The gentleman in the leather breeches has, with much weight of argument, attempted a defence of Popish customs, and drawn an inference from the ignorance of the vulgar; but I think vulgar opinions might as well be produced to countenance envy, hatred, and uncharitableness. My position, sir, is, that Popery *is* inconsistent with liberty. If, then, I am asked, whether I will countenance the very dawnings of Papal authority,—I answer in the *affirmative*, and say, *No*. There are many persons who betray their weakness, by tolerating pancakes, fritters, and hot cross-buns, and find a degree of sensual gratification in the observance of feast-days; but remember, these are only to bait the hook with, and, believe me, when the fish is caught, he will be broiled for his credulity. The tradesman who hangs out the sign of the blue boar, may as well be supposed to sell blue boars, as the Pope to deal in niceties, because the cheating festivals of holy

church afford them.—No! Popery is like a five-barred gate, it must be entirely overleaped. It is like a blacksmith, *which* softens and subdues by fire—it is like a birch-broom, and sweeps down all before it—it is like a comet, from its fiery appendages—it is like an old maid, for rigour—and like a coal-pit, for depth and darkness—*(A clap)*.—But I am asked, whether throwing at cocks is an encouragement to these desperate tenets? I think it is: but great as the consequence of this may be, I think there are others of a more *Beelzebubian* hue.—What think ye, gentlemen, of geese on a Michaelmas-day? does not this custom shew the cloven-foot of Popery in its most flagrant shape? But what do you think of Christmas-boxes, April fools, minced pies, Valentines, and new-year's gifts? are not these a hair of the same dog? Believe me, we are too far gone in Popery already, to pretend to argue a case of conscience. If any doubt my position, let them look at that detested drove of outlandish ruffians, exceeding all the plagues of Egypt, called fiddlers. I blush at the name—I blush for you—I blush for my country—that a fiddler, the very offscouring of mankind, the very offal and garbage of human nature, should not only be borne with, but courted and caressed—that such a rascal, I say, should pocket thousands, and loll in his carriage for rubbing horse-hair and cat-gut together; while Englishmen are shot at for tenpence a day, and English artists starve for want of countenance—*(Shouting and clapping)*. I hate a fiddler; my blood rises at a fiddler; I can't bear a fiddler: then there's your Catalani, and your Ferrari, and Angiolini, and Venua, and the devil knows who, with their capering and shivering their outlandish trotters, and their throats like a cat-call. Why, are not *these scoundrels* our disgrace? Are we not degenerated Jack Puddings, and these the gridiron upon our backs? I say, that England is now no better than a *Bartlemy fair!* and when I see a gauking madam like a pig being nose-jewelled, and hear a fellow howling like the wind through a key-hole, I am ready to exclaim, with the indignation of the *Greek satyrist*, *Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*—Lilly's *Latin Grammar*—*(A clap)*. My next detestation is, a *parley voos*. I do abhor a *parley voos*, who runs away with all the custom of an Englishman. But your fine gentry cant' be content with a play, or Sadler's Wells, or *Ashley's*. They must have Operas and Pantheons forsooth, and go jiggeting with the fellows to masquerades, and make work for the Commons. I say, that these things are downright Popery, and sooner than my wife should go and see these *inis* at the *burlettas*, I would send her to a Jews' synagogue to hear high mass—*(A prodigious clap)*. These are my sentiments, Mr. President, on this important question, and I hope to find the sense of this society favourable to my opinion—*(A long and repeated clap)*.

Here ensued a pause of some minutes, when a Quaker, being persecuted to pull off his hat, appealed thus to the chair:—

Friend President,

I do much consider myself aggrieved, inasmuch as I cannot

be permitted to wear, without let or hindrance, the cover which sheltereth me in the outer man. I do thereupon, albeit thou dost not, in thine own person, trouble me, apply unto thee, in thy worldly vocation, that "thou wouldest not suffer the wicked to exalt their horn" against me. Furthermore, it behoveth me not to exercise judgment on my offending brother, else should I thresh for him his earthly tabernacle: but, peradventure, at thy reproof, he will repent him of his misdeeds, and then I have gained a brother.

The solemnity with which this short exhortation was delivered, provoked a general laugh; but order was soon re-established, upon Mr. Serjeant Grimgribber rising, and expressing himself to the following purport:—

Mr. *President*,

The stat. 32d Eliz. 23d and 29th of Geo. II. 14th chap. will certainly warrant a great part of the learned gentleman's argument; but I rise to contend, that, in point of law, the conclusion drawn on the question is not relevant upon the present ground. The Pope is certainly tenant for life of the freehold; and any trespass, nuisance, abatement, interruption, or intrusion, would amount to *ouster* and dispossession.

Now, unless some evidence is produced of actual mis-easance on the part of defendant, no construction or intendment shall be sufficient to criminate him. Throwing at cocks may possibly have some affinity to Popery, but without an overt act of any intended entry on the part of the Pope, no presumption can legally be admitted. I remember last summer, upon the circuit, an old woman of ninety was indicted for being a witch, averring, that she could fly. But, in point of law, my brother Jolterhead and Mr. Justice Alibi were clearly of my opinion, that she must be acquitted, because the indictment did not set forth, how far she could fly. Again, the Pope, having settled all his concerns in this country, and having suffered a prior investigation of his right, would certainly plead autre-faits acquit, or, more properly, demur to the jurisdiction. The question is tripartite, between the Cock, Pope, and Pretender: but I am of opinion, that the two last are *dehors* the matter in *esse*. Now suppose a case, A knocks down B in arresting C, who is D's grandmother's brother-in-law's second wife's son by a former husband. C makes distresses upon A's land for rent-arrear, who replevies. F dies, leaving D tenant in tail male-special. A brings an action against C, to recover certain lands in the manor of L; and B brings an ejectment —(*A cry of Question! question!*)

But, sir, as to the question, a cock being only a chattel personal, does not bear any appendancy to the freehold; still, trespass, trover, and conversion or detence would lie for *deprivation* or *amation*, and even an indictment might be preferred, not tending to affect life or member: but if any matter of a criminal nature were to be begun against the Pope for the dissemination of his religion, there must certainly be a jury. Now let *de meditate*, in the usual form, be *de ter-*

tiâ parte of Cocks, Popes, and Pretenders, which would be *inconvenient*, and, as Sir Edward Coke rightly determines, "the law will rather suffer a wrong than an inconvenience." Now, there being no evidence of the *quo animo* the throwing is committed, a failure in this averment would be fatal to the cause.

Suppose an action for breaking my head with a *stick*, do you imagine any evidence of a *blow* with a *cane* would be admitted!—God forbid! for if these licentious extensions of reason were suffered, we should soon have a man bring an action, stating a tossing in a *blanket* in his declaration, and give a *Wilton carpet* in evidence. We will, however, for once, suffer the law to look into the spirit and good sense of things; and, taken in this view, I am absolutely on the negative side of the question. How can the throwing at cocks be capable of introducing the evils apprehended, when the statutes give us ample remedy against the cause, and *sublatâ causâ tollitur effectus*? The Vagrant Act clearly comprehends all dissolute and disorderly assemblings, of which throwing at cocks is surely one, and the Riot Act could be read no where with so much propriety. I do not apprehend that it quite falls under the idea of "stage-plays and interludes," forbidden in the statute of James; but 26th Geo. II. against music, *dancing*, and such like, positively includes it: upon this ground, therefore, I shall rest the issue, and hope this illegal rule may be set aside, and the former opinion quashed.

Thus saying, fatigued with the exertion of mental and bodily action, the learned serjeant concluded; and was scarcely seated, when Sam Simple rose and delivered the following luminous oration :—

Mr. *President*,

I an't no scollard like the gemman in the great wig, but I thinks as how I have a right to talk as much as him, for I paid sixpence to come in as well as him; but I shouldn't have said nothing neither in this here affair, but methinks I knows about shying at cocks as much as him. I remember what monstrous good fun we had last Shrove-Tuesday in our lane. My heart! what fun it was! why we shy'd down all the cocks in the neighbourhood.

There was Bobby Pestle the potecary, my uncle Snuffle, and Pillage the exciseman, and honest little Capias the baily. How we did laugh!—And so Pillage, he gets tipsy, and he begun jawing, and said as how I was a little sniv'ling rascal, and so I said he was a rascal if he come to that. So he hit me a punch o'the muns, and so I gin him another, and if it hadn't been for Ned Softly, my heart! how I would ha' warmed him!—that I would.

I do love shying at cocks, that I do, because it is sitch fun. And what business has the Pope with my cocks?—I'll shy at 'em for all him —that I will. Sure I'm an Englishman, I don't care for the Pope nor an't afeard on him, though Parson Pummelcushion says as how he's as bad as the Devil. My heart! what a wicked man he must be! I wonder now as they don't have him before the Parlyment and hang him!

I would I know, that I would. Well, I likes liberty now and a mob to my heart! Dear me what fun it was last summer when we broke all the windows because Lord Wellington beat the French! how I did laugh! But I dares for to say there is never no mobs in France! Lord! what fellers they must be to be afeard! Well! give me liberty!—But perhaps this nasty Pope won't let us draw King and Queen o' Twelfth night, or roll down Greenwich Hill of an Easter-Monday, nor none o'them kind of things soon! Hang him! I wish I had him here—I'd warm him, that I would—for I likes a little pleasure o'that there sort, because it is sitch fun. But I thought, Mr. President, as how the Pretender was dead; what, is there a new one?—Well I don't care; I'm reckon'd a bit of a dab at shying, and I won't leave off for all him, that I won't. And so, Mr. President, I've said my say, and I shan't take no more notice.

Several long and equally interesting speeches succeeded, and the victory seemed long doubtful, when Dick Frantic thus continued the debate:—

Mr. *President*,

It was far from my intention to have troubled this society with any remarks of mine, being wholly unprepared; but I cannot suffer this argument to draw towards a conclusion without offering my voice against our corrupt and traitorous administration, to shew their evil tendency to ruin their country and bring in both the Pope and Pretender. I can hardly keep my temper while I think on the present state of our affairs. Look at our taxes and the decline of trade, and tell me, sir, whether we ought to bear them. I know the venal Tories of the day, the hirelings of place and pension are ready to mince the matter, and stoutly assert, that we are not yet undone, and that we have exerted ourselves to the utmost—but I deny it. "It is a lie, a wicked lie, a damned lie."—You may talk to me about taking Humbug and Lipsik, and playing at loggerheads with a dozen petty privateers, but I don't care *that* *(snapping his fingers)* for all your successes.

My questions are these:—Is the Congress to be hanged at Newgate to-morrow? No.—Is Boneyparty at the Tower in irons? No.—Is the whole French fleet at the bottom of the sea? No—no—no—to the end of the chapter—*(A clap)*.

Will administration then pretend to tell me we have kept up all "the pride, and pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," as Voltaire says, when America is still where it was, and France has still a powerful fleet. But we are told about Lousy Hannah, and two or three of the neighbouring islands—grant that they are taken, how can we bring our sugars home from thence in safety while the Americans are scouring the seas in every direction, and the French fleet is lying secure in Brest harbour? What then is the French policy?—What?—Why to retake all these islands, turn us all into negroes, and plant sugar to sweeten their d—d lanthorn jaws with. Oh! curse 'em!—they know what they're about—they know on which side their bread is buttered—they have been sworn at Highgate every man John of them; and I had rather go to the devil for a year

than have Boney set his d—d hoof upon Great Britain.

Now I'll warrant me, ministers will tell us they have been deficient in their intelligence — but whose fault's that? Why I wouldn't give a rush for a minister that does not know a thing merely because he is not told it.—Then what has our fleet been about? Why did we not crush a handful of American cock-boats in the shell? Ask your administration. Why have we suffered such repeated disgrace in the capture of our finest frigates? Ask your admirals. I am neither Whig nor Tory—I am neither partial nor impartial—I am no party-man, but I am convinced that this ministry is like a thief in a cellar, eating up the bowels of the state. Why can't this ministry conquer France, like the Black Prince? Because they are corrupt. Why don't they hang President Maddison? Because they are corrupt. Why can't they crush those American upstarts? Because they are corrupt. So we may be as certain of ruin as of death and old clothes, and are all undone as a man would undo an oyster.

What signifies our standing thus shilly-shally? I am for doing things at once; hatchet and halter, block and gibbet for my money. Have they miscarried? hang 'em up!—Have their heads been faulty? chop 'em off! That's your plan, and when once these resolutions have been carried into effect, we shall have peace with the whole world.

Now, Mr. President, had I been consulted at first, before I would have given those Yankee scoundrels their liberty, and put as it were a knife into their hands to cut our throats with, I would have squared their Ps and Qs after another fashion. The moment the rebellion broke out, here comes I with my ships and my soldiers, snap up the ringleaders, clap 'em into a cart like a disagreeing jury, bring 'em over, try 'em at the Old Bailey, and tuck 'em up! What would Mounseer have said? Would he have taken their parts, think ye? Not a bit on't!—he'd have made his bow and hopped off, believe me!—and then instead of these taxes, and bankruptcies, and invasions, we should have kept our money in our pockets and our heads on our shoulders. But ministry, sir, have played their cards in a very different style, and now we depend on our militia to save our throats.—Temple-Bar longs for their heads; let us not withhold them! No! let us sacrifice these traitors to our just revenge, atone for the blood and treasure they have expended, and glory in the re-establishment of our liberties and laws.

But, sir, my grandmother, who had great talents for poetry, has couched these sentiments in more elegant terms in an ode, which, though written above thirty years ago, is so applicable to the present occasion, that, with your permission, I shall have the honour of reciting it—*(Hear! hear! hear!)*

ODE.

O the Devil, the Devil!
O the Devil, the D——!
Such a new year as this
Would a blind man gladly see.

CHORUS.

Here we are dead at a stop,
And there we sink deeper and deeper,
Little Ge—rgy's as sound as a top,
And his primate an excellent sleeper*.
Fol lol, &c.

* Lord North.

O that matters are right!
O that subjects are weighty!
Who wouldn't covet to live
In seventeen hundred and eighty?

CHOR.

Parliaments squabble and gabble,
Ministers wonder and stare,
Fleets they go backward and forwards,
And troubles remain as they were.
Fol lol, &c.

Oh! my Jemmy, my Jemmy!
Oh! my Jemmy, my deary!
Such a First Lord as this
Is neither far nor neary.

CHOR.

Here's an inferior fleet,
With an admiral wrapt up in flannel;
Here we get knock'd on the head,
And there they come into the Channel.
Fol lol, &c.

Oh! how bloody and stout
Fights our commander in chief!
Oh! what solid remains
Of the spirit of English roast beef!

CHOR.

Here G—— makes snuffers and buttons,
Since kings must have something to do;
And here we play the hand-organ,
And gallop from Windsor to Kew.
Fol lol, &c.

O what a golden age!
O how buxom and funny!
This is the way for a land'
To be flowing with milk and honey.

CHOR.

Here we're demolish'd, abolish'd,
And not in a way to get right—
Huzza, boys, the kingdom's a-fire,
Let's all run away by the light!
Fol lol, &c.

After the clapping which succeeded the recitation of this nervous and original composition had ceased, the president proceeded to take the sense, or rather, *nonsense*, of the company on the subject before them; after which, he announced, as the question for discussion on the following Thursday: "*Whether is it best to shave your head with a brick-bat or a glass bottle?*"

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

Our last Retrospect reported Bonaparte at Dresden. One short month has witnessed a sad change in his fortunes!—Himself once more a fugitive at Paris; his armies once more slaughtered, taken, or dispersed; his generals killed, drowned, captured, or flying; *all* his late allies his enemies; Germany emancipated from his yoke, the coalesced forces on the Rhine; and his own frontiers threatened with immediate invasion!

These are the first fruits of the giant conflict at Leipsig (18th Oct.) that battle of battles (in the literal sense of the word), in which several distinct grand armies, headed by emperors, kings, and princes, moved like so many minor divisions upon a common centre, drove in their devoted, yet powerful enemy, and with his blood sealed the independence of Europe.

Those of our readers that have perused the details of these important events in the daily journals, will give us credit, when we assert the impossibility of condensing within the limits usually allotted to our Report, a narrative of the multifarious and momentous occurrences from which the history of Europe has to date a new æra, and which are at this moment not even known with sufficient clearness. With this appeal for any omission or imperfection, we shall endeavour to do our best.

Our last report left the grand army under Prince Schwarzenberg in the mountains which divide Bo-

hemia from Saxony, Gen. Blucher's army in the vicinity of Bautzen, the Prussian corps of Generals Tauenzien and Bulow more northward along the Elster, and the Crown Prince of Sweden, with an army of Swedes and Russians, partly between Zerbst and Rosslau, and his advanced guard already on the left bank of the Elbe, maintaining the points of Dessau and Acken, which latter town had been rendered defensible by fortifications.

Ney, who had been chased across the Elbe in consequence of the battle of Dennewitz, was next employed by Bonaparte in opposing the Crown Prince's operations, and sent with about 25,000 men against Dessau, to drive the Swedish advanced guard across the Elbe. This he accomplished so far as to gain possession of Dessau and of the banks of the Elbe as far down as its conflux with the Saale; but Acken, on the other side of the last-mentioned river, remained in possession of the Crown Prince's troops.

Some time before, the Swedish Prince Royal had detached the enterprizing partisan, Gen. Czernicheff, with 3000 cavalry, to make a diversion on the side of Cassel. Without entering into a detail of the proofs of judgment and activity displayed both in the arduous march upon that city, and in several brilliant combats that general had to sustain in this expedition, and under the walls of the city (which the mock-king Jerome left only two hours before Czernicheff's appearance), we shall briefly state, that the French General Alix was, after a severe contest, obliged to surrender the capital (30th Sept.), on condition of his being allowed to follow his fugitive master, who, by way of puff, created General Alix Count of Freudenthal.— Czernicheff's arrival was hailed by the inhabitants of the city, and 1500 Hessian troops joined his standard. After a few days stay, Czérnicheff, finding that great masses of troops were hastening in waggons, from even Mentz, against his little band, evacuated the town, taking with him numerous trophies of conquered cannon, and abundance of booty from the public chests of the usurper's administrations.

Another cotemporary and equally brilliant exploit introduces to us our old friend, the brave Hetman Platoff. On the 28th Sept. he fell in, near Altenburg, with the *élite* of the French cavalry, 8000 in number, under General Lefebvre, routed them completely, took prisoners 1500 men, 40 officers, and 5 pieces of cannon.

Thus affairs remained until the end of September; Bonaparte himself still tarried at Dresden, but the greatest part of his army had, in the latter days of that month, abandoned the Saxon capital, and moved by its right towards Rochlitz; while Augereau, with a reserve of about 15,000 men, had arrived from Wurtzburg at Coburg. In the mean time the Russian army of reserve had also moved by forced marches into Bohemia, and its arrival with the grand army was the signal for an admirably combined, universal movement of all the several allied armies into Saxony.

The grand army, under Prince Schwarzenberg, 180,000 strong,

broke up on the 1st of October, descended from the Bohemian mountains into Saxony, and, moving by its left, established itself in the line from Freyberg to Chemnitz. Blucher, likewise, broke up with his army on the 1st October, and, marching by Herzberg, arrived on the 3d at Elster, on the right bank of the Elbe (a few miles above Wittenberg), crossed the river the same day, with some opposition, and forthwith attacked a French corps which, under General Bertrand, had entrenched itself on an isthmus between Wartenburg and Bledin. The camp was stormed, not without severe loss to the corps of General D'York. But the loss of the French amounted to a complete overthrow and rout. Besides a great number of killed and wounded, it consisted of 1000 prisoners, 16 cannon, and 70 tumbrils. Two thousand French, cut off from the rest, effected their escape across the Elbe to Wittenberg, which was then vigorously besieged by General Thümen (the conqueror of Spandau), and had been in flames daily since the 30th Sept. owing to the effect of Congreve's rockets, directed by a British detachment under Captain Bogue.

The Crown Prince no sooner learnt the success of these admirable operations of General Blucher, than he determined to pass his whole army over the Elbe at Acken, a point on the left which Ney, then still at Dessau, had omitted to secure. On the 4th, the passage at that place was to have been effected, and had already commenced, when it was learnt, that Blucher's approach had induced Ney to evacuate Dessau the same morning; another bridge was therefore immediately thrown over at Rosslau, opposite Dessau, by which, and that at Acken, the whole army of the Crown Prince crossed on the same day, and on the 5th effected its complete junction with General Blucher, forming a combined force of 130,000 men, which, to the end of this Report, will be found acting conjointly. Ney retired upon Düben in the first instance.

In spite of these portentously threatening movements of his enemies, Bonaparte, by infatuation or fatality, still loitered at Dresden with the old Saxon king. His stay at Dresden, like that at Moscow, has cost him his army, and has reduced his military pretensions to the rank of a second rate, or rather a bad general. It was only on the 7th October, when the hostile screen around him was nearly closed, that he could tear himself from the fascinating influence of the Saxon capital. While an army of upwards of 50,000 men, stationed about Rochlitz, observed the movements of Prince Schwarzenberg, Bonaparte proceeded down the Mulda, with a view, perhaps, of attacking the combined forces of the Crown Prince and of Blucher; but, on his arrival at Düben (10th Oct.), these two coalesced armies, instead of being on the spot where he expected to find them, had already, according to a bold plan conceived by the Crown Prince himself, moved between him and France. With a view to come quite in the rear of Bonaparte, the Swedish Prince and Blucher, on the 10th and 11th, had crossed to the left bank of the Saale, and extended themselves from Bernburg

to Halle, and even to Merseburg. Confident in the wisdom of their councils and in their strength, they had ventured upon this plan, although they were fully aware, that thereby they left all their bridges to the mercy of the enemy; that they opened him a free passage to the right bank of the Elbe; and that, if Bonaparte should dare to hazard the stroke, he might even march upon Berlin.

Their expectations were partly realized: Napoleon began to manœuvre on both sides down the Elbe, and passed a considerable force, under Regnier, to the right bank, which forced Thümen to abandon the siege of Wittenberg, to fall back, in the first instance, upon Tauenzien at Zerbst, and afterwards with the latter towards Potsdam, to cover the Prussian capital. Regnier, making a sweep along the right bank of the Elbe from Wittenberg to Rosslau, took *à revers* and destroyed the allied bridges, and returned by the way of Dessau. The garrison of Magdeburg, too, detached strongly towards Bernburg, to assist these demonstrations; but all in vain: the Crown Prince and Blucher remained firm behind the Saale, watching the motions of Bonaparte, and awaiting the arrival upon the latter river of the left of the grand Bohemian army. When Bonaparte found that all his complicated manœuvres were disregarded, that the Bohemian army was steadily pursuing its advance towards Leipzig, extending its left towards the Saale, and that towards the west he was completely intercepted, he finally determined to concentrate all his army (at least 180,000 men) at and near Leipzig, there to await the shock, and to fight for his existence.

In this he had no time to lose; for, on the 12th October, the Bohemian army extended from Altenburg to Zeitz, and even Pegau. But no sooner had Bonaparte retraced his steps upon Leipzig, than Blucher and the Crown Prince began to move; they recrossed the Saale on the 13th, and advanced cautiously towards Leipzig.

Thus, on the 15th of October, at night, the great hero of the age found himself nearly hermetically sealed up in his position at Leipzig. We say nearly, for we are not sure whether about one tenth part of the circle around him, in the direction of Poland and Russia, was not left unclosed. Nine tenths were certainly occupied as follows:—The corps of Prince Lichtenstein, of Thielman, of Giulay, and of Platoff, extended from Weissenfels, on the Saale, to the Elster; the corps of General Meerfeldt, between the Elster and Pleisse; between the Pleisse and Partha were several Russian and Prussian corps, under Genls. Wittgenstein, Kleist, Klenau, &c.; and the army of General Bennigsen, which had also been brought forward to Colditz, was pushing on Grimma and Wurtzen. On the north, the line of the Crown Prince and of Blucher, stretched from Halle to Merseburg and Gross-Kugel.

Of the great events which we have now to trace, we possess as yet no precise details, or even any very clear general accounts. Five Gothenburg mails being due, the only materials before us are, two hasty dispatches from Sir Charles

Stewart, of the 17th and 19th of October, and several very ludicrous French bulletins.

The 16th of October was the day fixed upon by the allies for a simultaneous onset upon all the French positions north and south of Leipzig; Blucher on the former, and the grand army on the latter side. The result of the veteran's attack may be anticipated, for with Blucher attack and victory are allowed to be synonymous. He found a strong French army, commanded by Ney, and consisting of three corps, under Marmont, Bertrand, and Regnier, in an excellent position, between Lindenthal, Radefeld, and Freyroda; attacked, himself, the enemy's right, with General Langeron's corps, supported by that of General St. Priest; whilst the brave General D'York assailed the left, and the Russian guards and advanced guard pressed on the main road to Leipzig. The contest was obstinate and murderous, and lasted from noon till night. It cost the allies from 6 to 7000 men put *hors de combat*, among whom were a great number of officers of rank; but it was crowned with a most glorious victory, compelling the French to pass the Partha, with the loss of 12,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, of forty pieces of cannon, one eagle, and many caissons.

If the simultaneous contest on the south of Leipzig had been equally successful, the deliverance of Germany would not only date two days earlier, but, in all probability, the hero of the age would, instead of St. Cloud, now repose from his labours in Spandau. Of this infinitely more murderous battle, we possess as yet no satisfactory account. It appears that Bonaparte (as on the 27th August, before Dresden), did not wait for the attack of the allies, but advanced himself against them, and especially against their center at Liebert-Wolkowitz (about six miles due south of Leipzig). Seconded by the whole of his cavalry, under Murat, he succeeded in forcing the center of the grand army, and would no doubt have made good use of this advantage, had not the Austrian reserves been brought up opportunely. Their cuirassiers charged in column, with the most consummate skill and the most desperate bravery. Nothing could withstand them; the battle was retrieved, General Latour Maubourg lost his leg, and, according to Sir Charles Stewart's imperfect account, at the close of the evening, both armies remained nearly on the ground on which the contest commenced.

This may have been the case, generally speaking; but we are inclined to believe, that, by this drawn battle, Bonaparte gained the practicability of his personal escape on the 19th. Probably the left wing of the grand army, which extended across the main road from Leipzig to Weissenfels (by which all he saved did escape two days after), was considerably weakened or thrown back on the 16th. But to return to our narrative. The 17th was a day of portentous calm: old Blucher, with his brave Prussians, was under arms at two o'clock in the morning, ready to set to again; but as part of the Crown Prince's army was yet behind, and as General Bennigsen was under-

stood to be unable to arrive in his position at Grimma before the 17th, the renewal of the general and decisive grand struggle was, by all parties, deferred till the next day.

Bonaparte, who could well anticipate the fury of this second attack, and who must now already have despaired of extricating himself and his army, without the loss of a great proportion of it, thought it high time to open himself a vent, by which he might at least escape with the remainder, in case he should be worsted the next day. Accordingly, on the 18th, in the morning at three o'clock, he detached General Bertrand towards Weissenfels, to open the road to Erfurth; and, from subsequent events, we are inclined to credit the assertion in the French papers, which states the full success of Bertrand's expedition, and his being in possession of Weissenfels at noon.

This judicious and most necessary precaution taken, Bonaparte, at sun-rise on the 18th, arrayed his devoted armies around Leipzig, to resist the tremendous onset of the allies on every side of the city. The Crown Prince having now moved up his army, and taken 30,000 men from that of General Blucher (who was to maintain his position in front of Leipzig, and use his utmost endeavours to gain the place), attacked the enemy at Taucha, on the Partha. He effected the passage of the latter river with little opposition; but afterwards encountered serious resistance at the village of Paunsdorff, where, however, the British rocket brigade was brought into such effective play as to paralyze a solid square of infantry, which, after one fire, delivered itself up as if panic-struck. Captain Bogue, the commander of the rocket brigade, here met the death of a hero. As soon as the discomfiture of the enemy rendered the patriotic resolution practicable, a large force of Hessians and Saxons went over to the Crown Prince, with 22 guns. The latter were immediately directed against the French, and the brave Germans themselves led against their oppressors. Gen. Blucher, in the mean time, having crossed the Partha lower down, forced his way close to Leipzig, notwithstanding the desperate and for some time effectual stand which was made against General Langeron at the village of Schönfeld.

Thus, on the north and northeast of Leipzig, the armies of the Crown Prince and of Blucher had gained a complete victory at the close of day. Bloody, however, as their laurels were, the simultaneous battles on the south side, were still more desperate and murderous, although not less decisive. The most determined resistance was made by the enemy at Probstheyda, Stelleritz, and Connewitz; but the different columns of the grand army bearing unremittingly on these points, finally carried every thing before them; General Bennigsen having been joined by General Bubna from Dresden, taking the villages upon the right bank of the Reutschove, and Gen. Giulay manœuvring with 25,000 Austrians upon the left bank of the Elster, assisted by the corps of General Thielmann and of Prince Lichtenstein. The result of the victory on this side, was, that the

enemy lost above 40,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, together with 65 pieces of artillery; and during this battle, too, 17 battalions of German infantry, with all their generals and staff, came over in a body.

All the victorious armies bivouacqued on the ground their valour had wrested from the enemy. In the night, Bonaparte directed the remains of his army to commence a retreat upon Weissenfels; which was continued till the morning, when Leipzig was attacked and carried, after a short resistance, by the armies of General Blucher, of the Prince Royal, of General Bennigsen, and of Prince Schwarzenberg. Marmont and Macdonald commanded within, and, together with Augereau and Victor, narrowly escaped with a small escort.

The Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the Crown Prince of Sweden, at the head of their respective troops, triumphantly entered the town at different points, and met in the great square, amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants—a scene worthy the pencil of a great artist.

The trophies and immediate fruits of these victories of the 18th of October, are thus enumerated by Sir Charles Stewart:—"The collective loss, on the part of the enemy, of above 100 pieces of cannon, 60,000 men, an immense number of prisoners, the desertion of the whole of the Saxon army, also of the Bavarian and Wirtemberg troops, consisting of artillery, cavalry, and infantry; many generals, among whom are, Regnier, Vallery, Brune, Bertrand, and Lauriston. The magazines, artillery, and stores of Leipzig, with the King of Saxony, all his court, the garrison, and rear-guard of the French army; all the enemy's wounded (the number of which exceeds 30,000); the narrow escape of Bonaparte, who fled from Leipzig at nine o'clock, the allies entering at eleven; the complete *deroute* of the French army, who are endeavouring to escape in all directions, and who are still surrounded in all directions, are the next objects of exultation."

This enumeration, given in the moment of the event itself, may contain some trifling errors; but the balance of future emendation will probably appear in our favour. Bertrand, we find, made good his escape; but Prince Poniatowsky, created a marshal the day before, was drowned in endeavouring to avoid the bayonets of the conquerors.

The French accounts of these disasters are truly diverting. Although Bonaparte has the impudence to tell his dejected adherents in France, that he gained a great victory on the 18th, yet his very own tale belies him.—"He would have pursued this victory on the 19th, and renewed the contest, but for want of cannon-balls."—We think he had quite enough of them.—"He would have brought his army entire to Mentz, but for the stupidity of a poor corporal, who blew up a bridge by a few minutes too soon; by which *contretemps*, his whole rear-guard remained behind, and the French *victorious* army arrived at Erfurth as a beaten army should have arrived;" and a few more of the like

Napoleonnades, which, thank Heaven and his own folly, all the world are at present up to.

That the losses of what remained of the French army subsequently to the date of Sir Charles Stewart's last dispatch (19th Oct.), and even on that day, must have been immense, is almost a matter of course. But the want of any advices of a later date, from either British agents or the allies themselves, leaves us totally in ignorance of the extent of them. French accounts, however, of very fresh dates, add the following few isolated facts to the history of this devoted army.

It is officially known, that Bavaria (as we confidently surmised in our last Retrospect) joined the allied powers, or the *Continental System*, as a British statesman happily termed the grand coalition, by a treaty concluded between the Bavarian General Wrede and the Austrian General Prince Reuss, on the 8th October; and that, in consequence of that treaty, the Austrian and Bavarian armies immediately coalesced under the supreme command of the Bavarian general, and instantly broke up by forced marches from Braunau to the theatre of war. The energetic patriotism which has burst forth throughout Germany, must have marvellously speeded the steps of this army; for, in the latter days of October, we find part of it at least, as by magic, transported to the vicinity of Francfort (a distance of upwards of 300 miles), with the noble and daring resolution of interposing itself right across the line of Bonaparte's retreat to Mentz. The French bulletins, a miserable source, which, for want of any other information, we are compelled to resort to, give an account of a great battle which took place on the river Kintzig, near Hanau, the 30th October. Ten thousand of the Austro-Baviarians and from 4 to 500 of the *grande nation*, put *hors de combat*, is quite a matter of course: it is also equally credible, that "the emperor did not wish to pursue the enemy in his retreat, the army being fatigued; and his majesty, far from attaching any importance to it, could only have seen with regret the destruction of 4 or 5000 Bavarians, which would have been the result of that pursuit:" so that, according to the succeeding bulletin, this spared army had the ingratitude to cross the Kintzig again the next day, and to attack General Bertrand's corps; in which ungenerous act it is natural to suppose, that it must have met the punishment due to its oblivion of the favour of the preceding day, and to have been driven, *l'épée dans les reins*, across the river with a further diminution of 3000 men. In the battle of the 30th, General Wrede is stated to have received a mortal wound. We shall know more about these matters by our next Report; but we are quite content for the present with the intelligence Bonaparte gives us of the arrival of himself at Mentz on the 2d November, and of his remaining troops, which *he* rates at 100,000 (out of 350,000 at least which he had on the Saale exactly six months before) on the two or three following days. It is no less satisfactory to learn from him, that, on the 7th Nov. he had signed,

with a stroke of his omnipotent pen, the *re*organization of the army, and had nominated to all the *vacant* situations; that the artillery was *re*organizing, that the cavalry was *re*organizing; in short, that all was *re*organizing. A Leipzig reorganization nine months after the Moscow reorganization! All the strong places on the Rhine were arming; Macdonald was sent to Cologne, to organize an army on the lower Rhine; Victor to Strasburg, to organize another on the upper Rhine; and Marmont remained at Mentz, to organize an army of the middle Rhine; while Kellermann had been ordered to *Metz*, to organize an army of reserve in the interior of France. Except at Hochheim (two miles from Mentz), where Bertrand, with 40,000 (?) men, is stated to occupy an entrenched position, no French are left on the right bank of the Rhine; and Bonaparte himself, after seeing the wrecks of his second army safe over the bridge, left Mentz on the 8th Nov. and arrived at Paris on the day following. That councils of finance, of state, and of other denominations, have unremittingly been held since his return, we need not be surprised at, for if ever he needed good councils it is at this period.

On the lower Elbe we have to record no event of great moment, except, perhaps, the capture of Bremen (15th Oct.) by General Tettenborn. The French commandant, Colonel Thuillier, being killed the day before, his successor thought proper to capitulate for a safe evacuation, not to serve during one year. This conquest may be transient, but, as Davoust has become insulated through the battle of Leipzig, we hardly think he will be silly enough to shut himself up in a city like Hamburgh; and therefore confidently hope, that all the northern sea-coast and rivers of Germany, will immediately be abandoned by the French, and the direct communication with England be restored.

In regard to the operations on the side of Italy, the length of the preceding narrative, as well as the still existing want of authentic and precise information, compels us to great brevity. The French papers (our only source) mention several affairs that have taken place in the course of October, in all which the troops of Beauharnois are stated to have been victorious in a military point of view; but, geographically speaking, it is confessed, that all these victories have been followed with successive retreats, first to the Isonzo, then to the Tagliamento, and next to the Piave. On the 30th October, Eugene's head-quarters are said to have been at Bassano. That the Austrian army under Gen. Hiller is consequently in possession of a great part of the ancient Venetian territory, may be assumed as a fact; and it is equally probable, that Trieste has returned to its old sovereign. A fresh conscription of 15,000 Italians has been decreed; but supposing the call to be effectual, the addition even of that force will not retrieve Bonaparte's affairs in Italy, especially now that, by the defection of Bavaria, another Austrian force has been enabled to come down from the Tyrol direct upon Verona, in the rear of Eugene's position.

Although the extent of our narrative almost forbids our indulging in any but matter of fact statements, yet we cannot repress some of the most obvious reflections which present themselves on the survey of the great events we have just recited. The fairest prospects at length exist of Europe returning to the happiness which it enjoyed before the hydra of Gallic anarchy and ambition began to rear its destructive head. As far as the glorious work of universal emancipation has proceeded even now, we are justified in looking to a comparative state of ease and a preponderance of the good cause for *some* years to come. But it would be vain to hope for a radical cure, until a thorough excision of the envenomed canker be effected. This excision, we have more than once maintained, and now are not shy in repeating, consists in nothing short of the head or the abdication of the monster, to whom the world owes all its woes. "*Feri tyrannum*" ought to be the motto of the valorous champions of European freedom in their prosecution of this holy war. That the tyrant, in the contemplation of the intended destruction of his usurped crown, will make stupendous and speedy efforts to avert the doom which threatens him, his character and recent experience warrant us to expect. But even supposing the spell with which he holds the sway over the lives of the French people, undiminished, the more numerous veteran warriors of the allied countries, and more so the spirit which animates both the leaders and the men, leave no doubt as to the final result. The want of financial resources, moreover, will, now that the war is to be transferred within his frontiers, paralyze his exertions; while, on the part of the allies, not only the means of many countries are called forth in competition with the exhausted resources of one; but Great Britain, the ægis, the sheet-anchor of European freedom, lends her powerful aid to all. With inward pride may hereafter the British historian tell posterity, that there was a period when his country had three armies of her own carrying on war in distant regions (France, Canada, Hanover), at the same time that she subsidized all Europe against France: for at this moment British subsidiary aid is flowing to Sicily, to Portugal, to Spain, to Sweden, to Prussia, to Russia, and to Austria. Besides the treaties by which our pecuniary assistance is afforded to the latter three powers, and which will be noticed below, these powers have entered among themselves into treaties of amity and defensive alliance (9th Sept.), by which they reciprocally guarantee each other's dominions, and pledge themselves to succour each other with 60,000 men, to be furnished by each, in case, even after a peace, any one of the parties be attacked.

SPANISH PENINSULA.

The only intelligence of moment from Lord Wellington's army, is, the fall of the fortress of Pamplona. The garrison, to what amount we are as yet uninformed, surrendered themselves as prisoners of war on the 31st October, to Don Carlos Espana, whose conduct during the arduous blockade is highly extolled by his lordship. This bloodless and important acquisition of the

last remaining key of the western frontier, compensates, in some measure, for the heavy expence of lives at which we previously purchased the possession of St. Sebastion. Thus, with the exception of a small tenure in Catalonia, has British valour purged the soil of its ally from the perfidious grasp of French usurpation; and cleared itself the way for serious operations on French ground, which, probably, have commenced ere now; since it is confidently stated, that our army broke up towards the Adour on the 8th November.

On the 14th September the triennial sittings of the General and Extraordinary Cortes closed constitutionally, and will be succeeded by the assembly of the Ordinary Cortes, whose deputies were already engaged in verifying their powers. In the mean time, a deputation from the dissolved Extraordinary Cortes remain in function until the Ordinary Cortes shall commence their legislative labours. The seat of the legislature and of the government has provisionally been transferred to the Isla de Leon, owing to strong symptoms of the yellow fever which have appeared at Cadiz; and now, that Pamplupa has fallen, is expected to be finally removed to the capital. At Gibraltar, we lament to say, that dreadful malady has made and is making great ravages, the daily deaths averaging between 30 and 35 by the last accounts. At Malta the plague is reported to be rapidly declining.

UNITED STATES.

The occurrences of our petty Transatlantic warfare that we have to notice, would be insignificant, even without being contrasted with the gigantic conflicts in Germany. The naval news is unfavourable.

On the 5th Sept. the United States brig Enterprize captured his Majesty's brig Boxer, after a well contested action, in which both commanders lost their lives.

Another British vessel of war, the Dominica schooner, has been taken by the American privateer Decatur. Our loss consisted of 44 wounded and 18 killed, among the latter all the Dominica's officers.

On the 8th Sept. another action of several hours was fought on Lake Ontario, between the British fleet under Sir James Yeo, and the American squadron under Commodore Chauncey. It was a drawn battle, in which the loss on either side proved trifling; and the American commodore having the wind in his favour, was enabled to withdraw from the contest unmolested.

The most decisive, and at the same time the most unfortunate naval combat, was fought the 10th Sept. on Lake Erie, between a small British squadron of six vessels (which had been wholly manned and equipped by the Canadians), and an American squadron of nine ships, under Commodore Perry. The result was, the surrender of our whole fleet, after a spirited and murderous resistance. Of this lake, therefore, the Americans, for the present, are absolute masters.

In regard to land operations, we find, on the western extremity, an unsuccessful attempt of the British Colonel Proctor against Sandusky Fort, on the 2d Aug. The spirited resistance of the American garri-

son not only rendered the enterprize abortive, but caused us a severe loss of valuable soldiers and of many of our Indian warriors.

On the arrival of the commander in chief, Sir George Prevost, at the upper frontiers of Canada, a general reconnoissance on Fort George was determined upon, and executed the 28th Aug. with a view to draw the American force from its entrenchments into a general action. Our troops forced their way into the very village below the fort: but the enemy, too prudent to venture out of the shelter of his fortifications, did not accept the challenge; and Sir George withdrew his men into their position without casualty, but with the gain of about 70 prisoners. Since this demonstration, unofficial advices affirm, that the American army has evacuated Fort George, and been embarked for an American port on the lake.

DOMESTIC AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The early opening of the sittings of the British legislature, could not have chanced to be fixed for a more auspicious day than the 4th of November. The glorious tidings of the battles of Leipzig, had fortunately arrived on the preceding day. The whole metropolis seemed, in an instant, electrified and intoxicated by news of such incalculable future promise; and every inhabitant vied with the other in manifesting his feelings by contributing to the blaze of light which illuminated the town for two successive nights (5th and 6th Nov.). The Prince Regent's masterly speech on the opening of Parliament, was framed with such consummate wisdom and propriety, that it exacted the unanimous approbation of all parties and of the whole nation. It is an important document, worthy the perusal of every Briton. The measures which have already been submitted to Parliament, for the more effectual prosecution of the war, however uncommon in their magnitude, have not met with a dissentient voice. Such is the general confidence, warranted by experience and result, in the wisdom of the steps of the executive, that, for once, opposition seems lulled into patriotic acquiescence.

The most important topics now under the consideration of the British senate, are, an extensive volunteering from the militia into the line, from which an increase of 30,000 men to our regular force is anticipated. By means of this recruit, an immediate effort against some quarter of the usurper's empire is intended to be made.

The subsidiary treaties with Russia and Prussia have also been laid before Parliament.

That with Russia (Reichenbach 15th June, 1813), among other matters, provides for 160,000 disposable troops being employed in the prosecution of the war, under a British subsidy of $1\frac{1}{3}$ million sterling for the year 1813; and for the maintenance by England of the Russian fleet now with us. Another treaty, with Prussia, stipulates her force at 80,000 disposable men, under a subsidy of $\frac{2}{3}$ million sterling: and a third treaty, also, with Russia, takes into British pay and keep the Russo-German legion. A like subsidiary treaty with Austria, grants, up to March next,

MORNING DRESS.

No. 60 of R. ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY of ARTS &c. Pub. 1 Dec.r 1813, at 101 Strand London.

EVENING DRESS.

N.o 60. of R. ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY of ARTS &c. Pub. Dec.r 1. 1813. at 101 Strand London.

an aid of one million, together with 100,000 muskets and a large quantity of military stores. All these treaties requiring a renewal at their respective expiration, the statement submitted to the legislature of the whole of the subsidies granted, or in contemplation, is as follows:—

For Spain	£2,000,000
For Portugal . . .	2,000,000
For Sicily	400,000
For Russia and Prussia	2,500,000
For future application	2,500,000
For Austria	1,000,000
	£10,400,000

To meet so increased an expenditure, a further loan of 22 millions has been contracted for by the Chancellor of the Exchequer: and in order that the want of precious metals throughout Europe, might not be an impediment to the fulfilment of our pecuniary engagements with the several foreign powers, a convention has been entered into (London, 30th Sept.) between Russia, and Prussia, and England; which provides for the creation of a federative paper currency, or bills of credit, to the amount of five millions, under the guarantee of all the powers. These bills of credit will solely be appropriated to the expence of the Continental war, their redemption will be made good by England one month after the signature of a general peace, and the holders will be allowed to fund them at 6 per cent. interest.

Two French (or rather Dutch) frigates, which had been daring enough to venture to sea, have ended their cruise in a British port. They were both captured off Ushant, the Weser on the 20th Oct. by the Rippon, 74, and the Scylla and Royalist sloops; and the Trave, on the 23d Oct. by the Andromache frigate; nearly at the same time that the German rivers themselves whose names the hostile vessels bore, were wrested from the possession of the enemy.

On the 1st Nov. the First Lord of the Treasury laid the first stone of the new London Custom-House, to be erected at Billingsgate.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 40.—PROMENADE OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.

THIS dress, when divested of the spencer, or jacket, exhibits the EVENING OR OPERA COSTUME, PLATE 41.

In order to render these commodious habiliments the more clearly understood by our readers, we shall commence with a description of the Evening or Opera Costume; which consists of a round robe of morone or crimson-coloured Merino, kerseymere, or queen's cloth, ornamented round the bottom and up the front with a fancy gold embroidered border. The bodice is composed of satin, or velvet, of the same colour, trimmed round the bosom and sleeves with gold braid and narrow swansdown; the front of the bodice richly ornamented with gold and pearl buttons. A gold band and pearl or diamond clasp confine the bottom of the waist, with a gold frog pending on each side, inclining towards the back of the figure. The robe

is laced behind with gold cord. Hair disposed in dishevelled curls, falling on the left side, and decorated with clusters of variegated autumnal flowers. Necklace, composed of a treble row of pearl, white cornelian, or the satin bead, confined in front with a diamond clasp. Ear-rings and bracelets to correspond. Slippers, of crimson velvet, ornamented with gold fringe and rosettes, though we recommend those of white satin in preference. White kid gloves, below the elbow. Fan, of richly frosted silver crape.

The great convenience and novel attraction of this dress, consist in its admitting of a spencer of the same material as the robe (as seen in our promenade figure), which is richly ornamented, *à la militaire*, with gold braid and netted buttons, forming a sort of epaulette on the shoulders. The spencer is embroidered up the seams of the back, on the shoulders, and cuffs, to correspond with the bottom of the robe. This spencer, when worn over the evening dress, affords at once both comfort and utility; and, with the addition of a straw or velvet hat, ornamented with feathers, and half-boots or Roman shoes, constitutes a most attractive and appropriate Carriage or Promenade Costume. The convenience as well as becoming properties of this seasonable habiliment, will be duly appreciated by such ladies as are in the habit of attending the theatres or private evening parties, affording a compact and comfortable protection from a damp and cold atmosphere, and which may be easily relinquished on entering the drawing-room. It were needless to observe, that this dress admits of being constructed in any colour, and of many suitable trimmings. It is the sole invention of Mr. Barry, tailor and habit-maker, 55, New Bond-street, where it is exhibited, and where orders are received.

HINTS TO FEMALES ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE health of the ladies being with our sex a matter of such tender concern, that, even in our gayest and most thoughtless moments, we never forget to express our most fervent wishes for its preservation, your fair readers will, I trust, receive with candour and attention a little advice on the subject, which, considering the present damp and gloomy weather, they must at least allow to be most *seasonable*.

In the summer months, when the ladies, like the flowers which resemble them, derive additional bloom from the genial influence of the air, it would be deemed superfluous to give them a sedate lecture on the danger of taking cold; but at this critical time, when a cold, if taken, frequently remains an obstinate and troublesome guest throughout the winter, and is not seldom attended with a formidable train of catarrhs, sore-throats, tooth-aches, hoarsenesses,

inflammations, and even consumptions, little entreaty need be used to obtain a patient hearing to a few hints on the means of guarding against these dreadful visitations.

One of the most obvious precautions against the pernicious effects of damp and cold weather, is, to pay proper attention to warm clothing: and here it must be confessed, that, of late years, through the laudable adoption of woollen pelisses and mantles by the ladies, the anxious cares of the faculty have been considerably lightened, and an increased portion of leisure has been afforded to the apothecaries: still the most essential point has been too much neglected, I mean that of *keeping the feet warm and dry*—a precaution which has been inculcated in various ways by eminent physicians in ancient and modern times.

It is, however, impossible to attain this desirable end, unless due attention be paid to the materials of which the covering for the feet is composed. Boots and shoes made of jeans, velvets, and similar light stuffs, may be very proper for the summer months; but, from their open and flimsy texture, they are most unfit for this season of the year: on the contrary, they are apt to absorb and retain the wet and moisture, and hence they often impair the health most seriously. In this essential part of dress, the men have greatly the advantage, since their boots will effectually resist the wet after an exposure of many hours; and notwithstanding leather boots have of late become very fashionable among the ladies, yet, owing to the very thin sort of kid skin of which they are made, and which is proper only as a covering for the hands, little benefit has been experienced. The Spanish leather, independent of its neat and elegant appearance, is, from its more compact substance, close grain, and the oil used in its preparation, infinitely better adapted to repel the moisture and keep out the wet; and if a sufficiently thick sole were added, there is no doubt that the most beneficial consequences would attend the use of them. Indeed, if the ladies in accommodating their costume to the change of the weather, would make this essential article the first object of their attention, if in the winter they would substitute Spanish leather boots for those of a material fit only for warm weather, they might defy the rigours of the severe season, and preserve the bloom of their health through its entire duration: whereas, by neglecting this precaution, however secure they may imagine themselves by being well shawled and enveloped in furred pelisses, still, through the insufficient covering of the feet, they are unconsciously imbibing a chill, which must speedily undermine their health and lay the foundation of the most fatal complaints. Let me therefore recommend them, by way of trial, to make this change in their dress; to which indeed there can be no reasonable objection: for admitting elegance, and not comfort and health, to be the first consideration, there is no doubt, that in a boot or shoe of leather the foot and ancle may be effectually displayed; and that this captivating part of the female form will best preserve its symmetry and neatness when it is so decorated; while

the general health, and consequently the general beauty of the whole person, is insured by the protection from cold and damp which this substantial covering for the feet affords.

Your fair readers will, I trust, take these hints into their most serious consideration: if any thing further were needed to enforce the general argument, I might add, that, by adopting the change I have recommended, they might be freed from the confinement and seclusion to which they are often doomed during the winter months, much to the injury of their health and spirits, and they might frequently and fearlessly enjoy that exercise in the open air, which revives the freshness of the complexion, and imparts new animation to the whole frame.—Your's respectfully,

A Pedestrian.

MEDICAL REPORT.

An account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of October to the 15th of November.

Acute Diseases.—Catarrhal fever, 10 ....Typhus fever, 4....Acute rheumatism, 6...Peripneumony, 2....Acute diseases of infants, 5....Hooping cough, 3.

Chronic Diseases.—Cough and dyspnœa, 25....Consumption, 5...Scrofula, 2 ....Asthenia, 6....Dyspepsia, 4.....Bilious vomiting, 2.... Colic, 2.....Jaundice, 2..... Gastrodynia, 5....Dysphagia, 1....Pleurodyne, 3....Marasmus, 2....Head-ach and vertigo, 3....Hœmorrhoids, 1....Worms, 3....Chronic rheumatism, 6....Hypochondriasis, 1....Hysteria, 1....Cutaneous eruptions, 4....Female complaints, 2.

The prevailing diseases of the month have been, fevers, colds, coughs, and rheumatism. These depend greatly on the state of the weather. Many individuals do not think of resuming their flannel waistcoats and under-stockings, till warned by a cold; and some even attempt to get through the winter without. But this is a bad plan: we do not, from the nature of our circumstances, live sufficiently hardy to brave the changes of weather incident at this season. Unless a man is almost constantly in the open air, using exercise, he should take great precaution to adapt his clothing to the climate in which he lives.

Besides these complaints, another class, not altogether influenced by the weather, constantly claims my notice: it comprehends those disorders generally termed nervous. They are denoted by such various symptoms, that it is often difficult to assign to them any name; neither can they well be defined, for they know no bounds. As the mind and disposition of the patient differ from those of other people, so do his nervous symptoms. The causes, too, are very opposite: when these are physical, the complaints in general may be eradicated by medicine; but when they are moral, there is greater difficulty. It is continually remarked, that nervous affections are now more frequent than ever: this remark was made by a very eminent physician a century ago; and if population continues to increase and luxury to spread, we may expect it will be repeated a century hence. Nervous affections are the consequences of luxury and high civilization, or they are merely symptoms of some deep-seated disorganization: hence it is very important to ascertain their real cause. In this latter case, we must disregard the symptoms, and treat the original disorder as if they did not exist: remove the cause, the effect will presently cease. This is often observed in diseases of the liver. A patient is treated for months successively for some trifling nervous feelings, whilst a serious disease is slowly forming in that important organ.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The wet weather through the whole of last month and the greater part of the preceding, has greatly impeded the wheat sowing on tenacious soils, except upon clover lays; and those, from the sudden transition from extreme drought to extreme wet, have, upon most strong soils, worked unkindly. Great breadths of summer fallows, therefore, remain unsown, some of which were caught in a cast state, and in consequence will not work well for barley. The young wheats that were sown early, look well upon all lands, but the latter sown have an indifferent appearance. The yield of last harvest is great, even upon those soils that were partially affected by the mildew.—The wet weather has driven the cattle from the pastures (which are very much poached) to the straw-yard; in consequence of which a considerable quantity of corn will be sent earlier than usual to market.—All the soiling species, such as rye, winter barley, tares, &c. &c. that were sown early, are in the most promising state.—The late sown turnips that were impeded in their growth by the dry weather, and particularly the Swedes that were mildewed, have recovered their verdure, and promise an abundance of feed.—The whole of the brassica tribe has improved greatly within the last month.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

No. 1 and 2 is a new pattern for furniture, from the extensive warehouse of Mr. Allen, No. 61, Pall-Mall; where a great variety of new designs, of the most tasteful and attractive invention, are continually succeeding each other; and where many elegant patterns, of last season's introduction, are selling at reduced prices.—The specimen here given, admits of almost every shade of lining and fringe, from the brilliant rose-colour, to the more cool and softer shades of pea-green and jonquil. Drawing-rooms, boudoirs, and sleeping-rooms, appear to advantage decorated with this species of furniture.

No. 3 is a superfine orange Merino cloth, calculated for ladies' dresses, mantles, and pelisses, which we confidently expect to be the favourite colour for the season, in compliment to our new friends the Dutch. It admits of a great variety of trimming, as fur, satin, velvet, or Chinese floss, and gimp ornaments. It may be purchased of every colour, and is sold by Messrs. Kestevens, York-street, Covent-Garden.

No. 4 is a delicate and choice article for gentlemen's waistcoats; and, when trimmed with sable or other Russian skin, offers a becoming and seasonable article for gentlemen's winter wear. It is sold by the same house as the preceding.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER, 1813.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

1813. OCT.	*Wind.*	*Pressure.*			*Temperature.*			*Weather.*	*Evap*	*Rain*
		Max.	*Min.*	*Mean.*	*Max.*	*Min.*	*Mean.*			
1	N E 1	30,40	29,90	30,150	56,0°	42,0°	49,00°	gloomy	—	
☾ 2	N E 1	29,90	29,85	29,875	55,0	43,0	49,50	gloomy	—	
3	N E 1	29,90	29,85	29,875	60,0	41,0	50,50	fine	—	
4	S W 1	29,90	29,43	29,665	65,0	53,0	59,00	rainy	—	—
5	S W 1	29,85	29,42	29,635	64,0	55,0	59,50	gloomy	—	1,260
6	S W 1	29,85	29,82	29,835	61,0	52,0	56,50	brilliant	—	
7	S W 1	29,55	29,45	29,500	60,0	52,0	56,00	rainy	700	—
8	S W 3	29,55	29,20	29,375	58,0	54,0	56,00	rainy	.030	
9	S W 2	29,35	29,20	29 275	62,0	51,0	56,50	rainy	—	—
○ 10	S W 2	29,85	29,35	29,600	61,0	48,0	54,50	gloomy	—	1,690
11	S W 2	29,60	28,45	29,025	56,0	45,0	50.50	gloomy	—	
12	S W 2	29,50	29,40	29,450	62,0	42,0	52,00	gloomy	—	
13	S W 2	29,50	29,35	29,425	53,0	40,0	46,50	cloudy	260	
14	S W 2	29,60	29,50	29,550	51,0	43,0	47,00	cloudy	—	.930
15	S W 2	29,59	29,00	29,295	52,0	37,0	44,50	cloudy	—	—
☽ 16	S W 1	29,00	28,30	28,650	44,0	35,0	39,50	rainy	—	—
17	N E 2	29,80	28,24	28,520	47,0	38,0	42,50	gloomy	—	.575
18	N E 2	29,59	28,79	29,190	49,0	32,0	40,50	gloomy	—	
19	N E 1	29,75	29,58	29,665	47,0	29,0	38,00	gloomy	—	
20	S E 2	29,73	29,55	29,640	50,0	36,0	43,00	fine	—	
21	S E 1	29,76	29,55	29,655	54,0	42,0	48,00	rainy	—	
22	S E 1	30,00	29,76	29,880	54,0	42,0	48,00	fine	—	
23	S E 1	30,19	30,00	30,095	53,0	49,0	51,00	fine	—	
● 24	N E 2	30,19	30,08	30,135	54,0	44,0	49,00	fine	—	
25	N E 1	30,33	30,08	30,205	51,0	41,0	46,00	fiue	—	
26	S W 1	30,47	30,33	30,400	47,0	43,0	45,00	fine	—	
27	N E 2	30,47	30,00	30,235	48,0	40,0	44,00	fine	—	
28	N E 2	30,15	30,00	30,075	45,0	32,0	38,50	fine	.720	
29	N W 1	30,15	29,93	30,040	43,0	31,0	37,00	fine		
30	S W 2	29,93	29,75	29,340	49,0	31,0	40,00	rainy	—	—
31	W 1	28,83	28,75	28,790	47,0	32,0	39,50	rainy	.100	1,340
			Mean	29,613		*Mean*	47,64		1,310	5,795

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 29.613—maximum, 30.47, wind S. W. 1.—Minimum, 28,24, wind N. E 2.—Range, 2,25 inches.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is 1.15 inch, which was on the 30th.

Mean temperature, 47°.64.--Maximum, 65°, wind S. W. 1.--Min. 29°, wind N. E. 1. Range 36.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 20°, which was on the 12th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 10,05 inches.—Number of changes, 22.

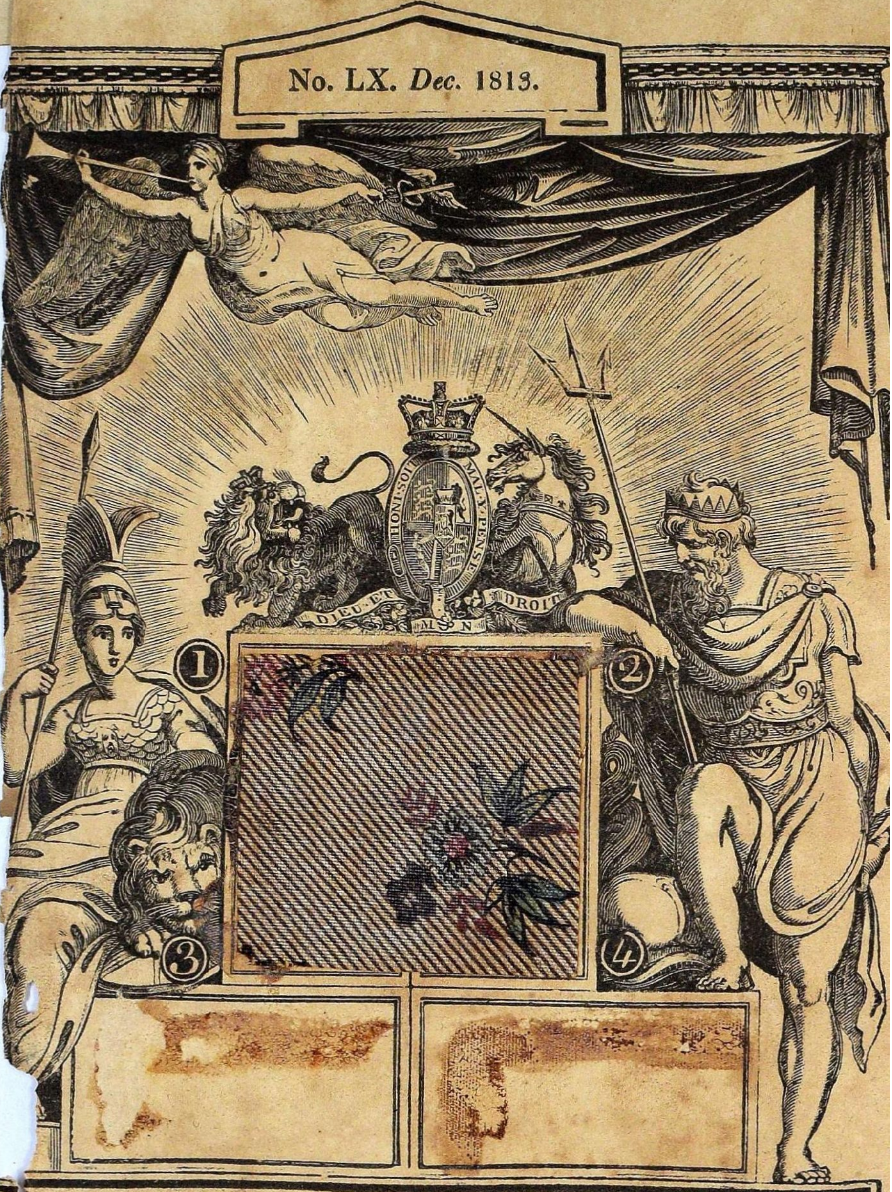
Total quantity of water evaporated, 1,810 inch.

Rain, &c. this month, 5,795 inches.—Number of wet days, 10.—Total rain this year, 27,505 inches.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
0	10	0	4	0	14	1	2	0	0

Brisk winds 1—Boisterous ones 0.



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R. Ackermann, 101, *Strand, London.*

RUSTIC FIGURES.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER, 1813.

Conducted by Mr. J. Gibson, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1813 SEPT.	Wind.	Pressure. Max.	Pressure. Min.	Pressure. Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Temperature. Min.	Temperature. Mean.	Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
1	N E	29,84	29,68	29,760	61°	41°	51,0°	fine	—	—
☾ 2	W	29,70	29,67	29,685	62	49	55,5	fine	—	
3	N E	29,80	29,70	29,750	60	51	55,5	fine	—	
4	S E	——	——	——	62	52	57,0	rainy	—	—
5	W	29,78	29,65	29,715	66	54	60,0	cloudy	—	1,77
6	S W	29,80	29,77	29,785	66	52	59,0	cloudy	—	—
7	S W	29,52	29,47	29,495	65	51	58,0	rainy	—	—
8	W	29,73	29,46	29,595	60	54	57,0	cloudy	—	—
9	Var.	29,43	29,42	29,425	61	49	55,0	showers	—	—
○ 10	S W	29,44	29,15	29,295	58	44	51,0	showery	—	—
11	W	29,46	28,93	29,195	60	48	54,0	showery	—	—
12	S W	29,70	29,54	29,620	59	53	56,0	showery	—	—
13	S W	29,70	29,60	29,650	57	36	46,5	cloudy	.25	1,68
14	N W	29,78	29,68	29,730	48	38	43,0	cloudy	—	—
15	S	29,68	29,37	29,525	51	41	46,0	rainy	—	.47
☽ 16	W	29,37	28,86	29,115	52	43	47,5	rainy	—	.14
17	S W	29,46	28,87	29,165	56	38	47,0	rainy	—	.11
18	N W	29,76	29,46	29,610	48	28	38,0	fine	—	
19	Var.	29,77	29,76	29,765	50	29	39,5	fine	—	
20	E	29,76	29,58	29,670	52	42	47,0	fair	—	—
21	Var.	29,84	29,58	29,710	54	43	48,5	cloudy	—	—
22	N E	29,95	29,84	29,895	59	46	52,5	cloudy	—	
23	E	29,97	29,95	29,960	54	50	52,0	cloudy	.43	.18
● 24	E	29,95	29,88	29,915	53	46	49,5	cloudy	—	
25	N E	30,14	29,95	30,045	51	37	44,0	cloudy	—	—
26	N E	30,10	29,94	30,020	46	39	42,5	cloudy	—	—
27	N E	29,94	29,87	29,905	42	31	36,5	cloudy	—	
28	N	29,95	29,86	29,905	44	32	38,0	cloudy	—	—
29	N	29,86	29,79	29,825	46	25	35,5	fine	—	
30	S E	29,79	29,20	29,495	53	30	41,5	cloudy	—	—
31	W	29,37	29,19	29,280	51	34	42,5	cloudy	.28	.56
			Mean	29,650		*Mean*	48,5	*Total*	.96*in.*	4.91*in.*

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, westerly.—Mean height of barometer, 29,650 inches; highest observation, 30,14 inches; lowest, 28,86 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 48,5°.—highest observation, 66°—lowest, 25°.—Total of evaporation, .96 inch.—Rain 4,91 in. In another guage, 4,67 inches.

Notes.—16th. Very frequent lightning in the S. and S.W. in the evening—some lightning also observed in the N. and E.—17th. Rapid rise of barometer.—19th. Hoar frost.—21st. Gloomy morning—some rain.—25th. Some showers in the afternoon, with rainbow--the west beautifully tinged with rose colour about sunset.—28th. Hoar frost.—30th. Hoar frost, with thick fog.—31st. A lunar halo.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for November, 1813.

Albion Fire and Life Assurance	£42	per sh.
Globe Ditto	103	do.
Imperial Ditto	42 10s	do.
London Dock Stock	£98	per ct.
West India Ditto	145	do.
East India Ditto	110	do.
Grand Junction Waterworks	£40	pr. sh.
West Middlesex Ditto	28	do.
Kent Ditto	56 10s	do.
Birmingham Canal	545	do.
Croydon Ditto	17 a 18	do.
Huddersfield Ditto	12 5s.	do.
Kennett and Avon Canal	£20 5s	pr. sh.
Erewash Ditto	800	do.
Grand Junction Ditto	210	do.
Oxford Ditto	645	do.
Chesterfield Ditto	100	do.
Wilts and Berks Ditto	18	do.
Stourbridge Ditto	190	do.
London Institution	43	do.
Surry Ditto	13 10s	do.
Drury-Lane Theatre, Old	190	do.
Ditto Ditto, New	355	do.
Gas Light	5	do.

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Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr.ct. Red.	4 pr.ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr.ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium	Impl.3 pr.ct.	Impl. Anns.	Irish 5 pr. ct	S. Sea Stock.	S Sea Anns.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchqr. Bills.3 1/2d.	St. Lotty. Tickets	Cons. for ac. Nov.26
Oct. 21	217 3/4	58 a 1/4	57 1/8	71 1/2	88 3/4	14 3/16	6 3/4 *Pm.*	Shut	Shut	Shut	61 7/8	—	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*	£22. 15.	58 3/8 a 5/8
22	218 1/4	58 a 3/8	57 1/8	71 7/8	88 3/4	14 3/16	7 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58 3/8 a 5/8
23	—	58 3/8 a 1/2	57 3/8	72	88 7/8	14 1/4	7 1/4 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58 5/8 a 3/4
25	—	58 1/2 a 1/4	57 1/4	71 7/8	88 5/8	14 1/8	7 1/4 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58 3/4 a 3/8
26	218 1/2	58 7/8 a 8 1/8	57	71 3/4	88 5/8	—	6 5/8 *Pm*	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58 7/8 a 3/8
27	220	58 a 57 3/4	56 7/8	71 5/8	88 5/8	14 1/8	6 3/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	61 3/8	56 5/8	172 1/2	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58 1/8 a 1/4
28	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
29	219 1/2	57 3/4 a 8 1/8	56 7/8	71 5/8	88 5/8	14 1/8	6 3/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	6 *Pm.*		58 1/8 a 1/4
30	219 1/2	58 a 57 7/8	56 7/8	71 5/8	88 1/2	14 1/8	6 1/4 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	172 1/2	*Par.*	6 *Pm.*		58 a 1/8
Nov. 1	—	58 a 1/8	57	71 5/8	88 1/2	—	6 1/2 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58 a 1/8
2	219 3/4	58 a 7 7/8	56 3/4	71 5/8	88 1/2	14 1/8	6 1/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58 a 1/4
3	220	57 7/8 a 8 5/8	57 3/8	72	89	14 1/4	7 1/2 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	173 1/2	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58 3/4 a 1/2
4	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
5	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
6	—	59 a 58 3/4	57 3/4	72 1/2	89 1/4	14 5/16	7 7/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	173 1/2	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		59 1/8 a 8 3/4
8	220 1/2	58 3/4 a 3/8	57 1/2	72	89 1/4	14 1/4	7 1/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	62 1/2	—	173 1/4	1 1/4 *Dis.*	5 *Pm.*		58 7/8 a 3/8
9	—	58 1/2 a 58	57 1/8	71 7/8	89	14 1/8	6 5/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	172 3/4	1 *Dis.*	5 *Pm.*		58 a 3/8
10	—	57 7/8 a 8 1/4	56 7/8	72	89	14 1/8	6 3/8 *Pm*	55 5/8	—	—	—	—	172 1/4	1 *Dis.*	5 *Pm.*		58 a 3/8
11	219 1/4	58 1/4 a 7 7/8	57 1/4	72	88 7/8	14 1/8	6 7/8 *Pm.*	—	—	86 1/2	—	—	170 1/2	1 *Dis.*	5 *Pm.*		58 7/8 a 8 3/4
12	219	58 1/8 a 3/4	57 1/2	72 1/4	89 3/8	14 1/4	7 3/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 *Dis.*	5 *Pm.*		58 a 7/8
13	—	57 7/8 a 8 1/4	56 3/4	71 3/4	89 3/8	14 3/16	6 1/4 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 *Dis.*	6 *Pm.*		58 7/8 a 8 1/4
15	—	58 1/8 a 5/8	57	72 1/4	89 3/4	14 1/4	6 3/4 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	171	2 *Dis.*	6 *Pm.*		58 1/8 a 5/8
16	219	58 1/4 a 5/8	57	72 1/8	89 3/4	14 1/4	6 5/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	171 1/2	3 *Dis.*	6 *Pm.*		58 3/8 a 5/8
17	—	58 3/8 a 1/2	57	72	89 5/8	14 1/4	6 5/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	62 3/8	—	172	3 *Dis.*	5 *Pm.*		58 1/2 a 5/8
18	—	58 3/8 a 1/2	57	72	89 3/4	14 3/16	6 5/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	171	3 *Dis.*	5 *Pm.*	£23. 3.	58 1/2 a 5/8
19	—	58 1/2 a 7/8	57 1/2	72 3/8	90	14 1/4	7 1/4 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58 5/8 a 7/8
20	—	58 3/4 a 9 1/8	57 3/4	72 1/2	90 3/8	14 1/4	7 1/2 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 *Dis.*	5 *Pm.*		58 3/4 a 9 1/8

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